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THE NILE EXPEDITION: A TOILSOME MARCH.

OUR NOTE BOOK

The disastrous panic in the Star Theatre, Glasgow, is, unhappily, not the first one that city has seen. Thirty-five years ago, in the month of February, 1849, a groundless alarm of fire was raised there in a theatre, and more than seventy people were crushed to death. The news of Saturday night's catastrophe was not without effect in London, several of the largest metropolitan theatres experiencing a marked depreciation of business on Monday night. People naturally get scared; but, unless the attention of the Lord Chamberlain's officials has been futile, there exists no cause for alarm; as every London playhouse can now discharge the largest audience in a miraculously small number of seconds. Some difficulty arises as to the punishment of the mischievous scoundrel who wilfully raises a false alarm. Lawyers have not yet shaped the dastard's offence into a definite criminal shape; and they must experience great difficulty in doing so, for there must always be a lack of evidence to show that the miscreant did not honestly believe—may be from a smell of burning, or an undisguised gas-jet—that he was doing his fellow-visitors a kindness by calling their attention to what he conceived to be their danger. If an audience would but remain quiescent until an authoritative announcement be made, such a sad accident as that at Glasgow would be averted. But, in the meanwhile, the law should be made comprehensive enough to bring to book the villain who wilfully incites people to a needless doom.

Lovers of tapestry will be glad to hear that the authorities at Hampton Court Palace have at length determined to have cleaned and restored the arras hangings that have for so long stood in need of repair. It is of the early Sixteenth Century period, and used to belong to Cardinal Wolsey, at whose downfall it passed into possession of the Crown. With the exception, maybe, of the tapestry at Bruges, this is the finest known; but, whereas the Belgians have kept their possessions as bright and new-looking as the day it was made, the Crown property here has deteriorated and become dim and lustreless from want of care.

Over six hundred tenants of the Duke of Richmond have presented his Grace with a portrait of himself "in recognition of his considerate and liberal treatment of them." This, no doubt, is to some extent satisfactory to a landlord who, to meet the requirements of agricultural depression, has remitted a portion of his rents. But, on the other hand, it might suggest itself to the curious inquirer how it is that tenants who are not in the position to pay the full amount they covenanted, can find the money to subscribe to expensive testimonials. Of course the noble Duke is far too grateful and gracious to think of this, especially as the picture has been pronounced to be an excellent likeness and an admirable work of art.

"Romeo and Juliet," according to some literati, is a true story, while others aver that it is purely mythical. Probably the fact that it was adapted from an Italian romance fosters the former belief; and certainly the Veronese are tenacious of the history to a degree, for they insist on a date (1303) and show a tomb. Lord Byron, in letter to his friend Moore, thus describes it:—"It is a plain, open, and partly decayed sarcophagus, with withered leaves in it, in a wild and desolate conventional garden, once a cemetery, now ruined to the very graves. The situation struck me as very appropriate to the legend, being blighted as their love." This recalls a passage from one of the humorous works of Mark Twain, who, after relating in his own peculiarly satirical vein the legend of the Seven Sleepers, remarks, "I know this to be true, because I have seen the cave." That the Veronese can show what they allege is the last resting-place of these unfortunate lovers can hardly be evidence of the truth of the poetical love tragedy.

What extraordinary changes in educational matters must the Rev. Canon Kennedy have witnessed. This eminent scholar and divine, who attained his eightieth year on Thursday, Nov. 6, was Head Master of Shrewsbury School at the date of Queen Victoria's accession to the throne. It was only a year before that the Home and Colonial School Society, which subsequently became merged in the Voluntary School Society and the Congregational Board of Education, was instituted. In 1858 he attended the great Educational Conference presided over by the Prince Consort at Willis's Rooms, which led to the passing of the Industrial Schools Act. Since that time, the advance of education has been rapid, electrically so, compared with the sluggish movements of the previous half-century. And yet Canon Kennedy, who gained the Porson Medal for Latin Ode as far back as 1823, gave to the world as lately as 1874 a sweet English version of "The Birds" of Aristophanes. It seems that no epoch in literature or learning can get beyond his powers.

The doctors seem unable to agree as to whether alcohol is a food or a poison. To the non-medical mind it seems pretty evident that since alcohol has been known to support life for fifteen successive days, it must possess some nutritive quality; and this is the opinion of men who, like Sir James Paget, are of the highest eminence in the profession. On the other hand, there are physicians who, with Dr. Alfred Carpenter, assert as strongly that alcohol is "a most virulent poison." Who shall decide? That it is a poison when taken in excess there is ample evidence to prove, but are we on that account to have no more cakes and ale? And is the ale, if unadulterated, likely to hurt us more than the cakes? Excess in any case may lead to an untoward result—men have died, like the poet Otway, from feeding too hastily on bread—and the secret of health is moderation. Unfortunately, however, the very mention of the word fills an ardent teetotaler with wrath. It is like flaunting a red handkerchief in the face of a skittish bull.

There are few things more surprising than the tolerance with which men and women with a reputation to sustain endure the impudent curiosity of interviewers. It is, perhaps, reasonable that an actor or public singer should submit to the infliction for the sake of additional publicity; but why should persons occupying a more private station allow themselves to be victimised by these modern Inquisitors? Miss Emily Faithfull, who has written an account of "Three Visits to America," strange to say, approves of the system. Yet she admits that her interviewers were often troublesome. When teased, on one occasion, for an opinion on some subject, she said that she had none to offer. "Well, I shall be compelled to make one for you," was the reply. If these imaginative gentlemen were generally content with making opinions instead of trying to extract them, the relief to some persons would be considerable.

The Bishop of Lichfield, who is himself an impressive preacher, is striving to make the pulpit more effective in his diocese. He reminds his clergy that a curate in deacon's orders is not licensed to preach, and, if asked to do so, he is, for the future, to read a printed sermon. Once a month, however, the curate is instructed to preach a sermon of his own composition, the manuscript of which is to be sent on the following day to the bishop for examination. It is to be wished that every bishop would follow the course adopted by Dr. Maclagan. The pulpit ought to be a great power in the country; it is too often the symbol of weakness. Earnest men, who have something to say and know how to say it with brevity and point, will always command attention; but a good many curates need to be reminded that a dull monotonous essay is not a sermon. It may be, and often is, an excellent soporific.

The practice of giving reigning Sovereigns more or less complimentary or uncomplimentary nicknames, such as Henry "Beauclerc" (because, it is supposed, he was able to dispense with his "mark" and write his name "like print"), appears to be dying out or to have died out. King "Bomba" was about the last, and even he was not known and is not described in history as Ferdinand "Bomba," though Charles "Martel," like the once-famous prize-fighter "Hammer" Lane, was so known and is still so described. The French were great hands at this nick-naming, in which they sometimes, for irony's sake perhaps as much as from the native politeness for which they were once distinguished, arrived at some astounding misnomers, and probably the best example of their felicity in this respect is supplied by the epithet bestowed—in many histories to this very day—upon Louis the Eighteenth, who was nicknamed "Le Désiré," because he had to be hoisted on to his throne by the bayonets belonging to the enemies of his country.

Is the name of Sophie Cruvelli still remembered in the world of song where Adelina Patti has so long reigned supreme? Perhaps the former is forgotten under her title of Vicomtesse Georges Vigier, which she bears as a "grande dame," and under which she is so well known to the poor of Nice, whither she went into winter quarters a few weeks ago, and where she does immense good by her "concerts de charité." The announcement of her departure has recalled the memory of her excellent gifts, her high fortunes, and her good deeds.

Speculators have already begun to bet publicly about the Derby of 1885, though they are not nearly such early birds as they were some years ago. They began this year, so far as the public quotations are concerned, on Saturday, Oct. 25, and the favourites were Mr. Brodrick-Cloete's Casistry colt, at 8 to 1; Lord Hastings' Melton, at 12 to 1; M. A. Lupin's French colt Xaintrailles (commonly called "Entrails"), at 100 to 8; Mr. R. Peck's Kingwood, at 100 to 6; and Lord Alington's Luminary, at 16 to 1. It will be interesting to those who care about such matters to see how many of the favourites will "stay" to the date of the race, and how many will meet with some such fate as befell Macheath, Archiduc, and other prominent favourites that for some reason have not been able to come to the post for the Derby at all.

"Dangers abound on every side," observes a melancholy but enterprising advertiser, seeking whom he may insure; and the sources of danger seem to multiply daily. It appears to be the fashion for discharged servants to "take it out" on the innocent British public: discharged from the service of an Italian restaurant, unless their dismissal be instantaneous, they seem to devote the short respite allowed to them in "poisoning the customers" (who are quite blameless); and, discharged from the service of a music-hall, they seem to be suspected of visiting the place, raising an alarm of fire, creating a panic, and causing the death of several persons (who had never so much as heard of their grievance). Such fashions and customs "in the trade" are certainly "more honoured in the breach than the observance."

There has just died, aged eighty-one, at Paris, M. le Comte Edouard Walsh, whose name betrays his English or Irish origin. Le Comte Edouard, indeed, descended from James Walsh, a faithful adherent of James the Second. Ladies will be interested in Comte Edward, for he was one of the founders of the French paper *La Mode*. Couple him with Mr. Worth, and who shall say that in Frenchmen only is the spirit of "dress and fashion," the genius of the "man-milliner"?

Young ladies who wear fringes or "bangs" ought to feel flattered by the notice accorded to them last Saturday by Professor Ruskin during his lecture on "The Pleasures of Deed." He told them that their fringes and the chopped Norman arch were both derived from the forehead of Athena. He refused to consider the Norman invasion of England as an unmitigated blessing, and pointed out that the earliest art bearing the name of that warrior race was actually the work of Greek slaves. As for the Saxon character, the learned Professor designated it as pure, imaginative, docile, and intellectual in the highest degree. At this rate, "simple faith" must be universal; a knowledge preferable to "Norman blood."

Viscount Mandeville, eldest son of the Duke of Manchester, has recently acquired a vast tract of land in the fertile Island of Cuba, and he proposes working it himself. Several members of our aristocracy have already embarked in cattle and other farming in various parts of America, and there is an English company working the copper-mines of Cuba to great advantage. Lord Mandeville will go out at the beginning of the year, and will trade in tobacco, sugar, and minerals. England takes a leading share in the export trade of Cuba, which has no important manufactures but cigars.

The early oranges known as "autumn sweets" are just coming in, and their advent recalls the trouble that the great Colbert used to take in procuring the first oranges of the season for Cardinal Mazarin. He gave the Custom House officers at Rouen a sum equivalent to £6 for each orange, on the condition that every year they sent the first two hundred that came to their port direct to him, and prevented the unloading of any boats that came in from the south till three whole days after the dispatch of these first fruits. He also purchased the fourth share of a barque trading to Portugal, and the fourth part of a fruiterer's booth at the fair of St. Germain, in order to make assurance doubly sure as to the first ripe oranges.

The United States has taken a wise and sensible step with regard to emigrants who go over for the purpose of settling by opening a free school in New York for teaching them English. Three hundred pupils, principally Jews and Russians, put in an appearance on the first day of opening, and large numbers had to be excluded for want of space. Seventy of the three hundred were women. It is somewhat remarkable that the two races thus represented have the best linguistic talents in the world.

Mr. W. H. Vanderbilt is a far-seeing man, and had the welfare of all classes of his countrymen at heart when he gave 500,000 dols. the other day towards the building of a new College of Physicians and Surgeons in New York. The announcement came quite unexpectedly, as the gift was known beforehand by only one person, and the whole medical profession of the United States joins in a perfect pean of gratitude to the benefactor who, through them, will help the sick poor to an extent hitherto undreamed of.

The thoughtless cruelty in the world," said Sir Arthur Helps, "outweighs the rest"; and this kind of cruelty is sometimes practised by persons who in other respects are eminently tender-hearted. One illustration of this fact may be witnessed every Sunday. It is the habit to give young children an hour's teaching in the school-room on Sunday mornings, and this, if the teachers understand child-nature, may be made a happy hour. But what if, after this lesson-time, boys and girls are taken direct to the church service to hear prayers which convey to them little meaning, and to listen to a sermon which has no meaning at all? It is beginning to be understood that children need a special service of their own, but it is not always so clearly recognised that to compel these little people also to attend a two hours' service which grown-up folk often find exhausting, must do them far more harm than good. Human nature revolts at such useless discipline; and it is to be hoped that the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children will give to this unheeded form of cruelty their special attention.

The Grand Duke Vladimir of Russia and his suite are just now in Paris, and among the latter is a canine individual that attracts a large share of attention. His name is Black, and his pedigree very much mixed, but about his gallantry there is no manner of doubt. Two years ago a fishing-boat was wrecked on the cruel rocks that lie within sight of Biarritz, and just when its crew of eight men had given up all hope, Black, who belonged to a bath proprietor, came swimming towards them with a life-buoy in his mouth. Half an hour later every man was safe on shore, and Black was the hero of the day. A dog dinner was organised in his honour, to which he had the pleasure of inviting all the curs of the neighbourhood, and a silver collar was bought for him by public subscription. Then the Grand Duke Vladimir came, saw, and purchased, carrying Black home with him to Russia. He is now his master's constant companion, and is sleek and well favoured, wearing a silver bracelet on each paw. He is a living proof that good deeds sometimes meet with their due reward even in this world.

We have imported a great many Japanese ideas, but hitherto we have not borrowed their notions of dentistry, though there are some admirable points about their mode of practising that branch of surgery. Dentists in the Flowery Land do not extract teeth with instruments of cold steel, but with the thumb and finger of the right hand, which, it is to be hoped, are well washed before being put into people's mouths. A long apprenticeship is necessary, and pupils first of all are set to extract artificial teeth set in a mould of soft wood, then from a harder substance, and in the last stage the sham molars have to be removed after being driven tightly in with a mallet. When these can be taken out instantaneously without the slightest jerk or apparent effort, the learner is considered proficient, and duly qualified to perform on the ivories of patients. It is said that a really clever Japanese dentist can thus extract half a dozen teeth in thirty seconds, without so much as once removing his fingers from the mouth.

Last week there was a great deal said about the material for English post-cards being purchased in Germany. Now France is taking up a similar parable, and complains that the cheques of the Banque de France are made in London, and bear the trade mark of a city firm, and indignantly inquires whether Gallic paper-makers have been improved out of their native land.

The instrument commonly employed to bring laggard legislators, whether hereditary or not, "up to time" in Parliament appears to be a "four-lined whip." It is suggested that a "cat-o'-nine-tails" might be even more effectual.

ECHOES OF THE WEEK.

Mr. W. T. Marriott, M.P., has been the recipient of a terrible confidence, the weighty horror of which should crush most men. Addressing the members of the Brighton Conservative Association, on Monday, Nov. 3, the honourable and learned member incidentally observed that a gentleman who had just returned from Australia, after spending twenty-four years there, had told him that the most unpopular man in the Colonies, just now, was Mr. Gladstone. I hope to be in Melbourne myself next March; and, should Australian opinion with regard to the Prime Minister continue to be what it is "just now," I shall feel it my duty to telegraph home—say to the Editor of the *Morning Post* or the *St. James's Gazette*:—"Marriott painfully right. G. O. M. more unpopular than ever."

But the most shocking, the most heart-rending thing is that the Gladstonian unpopularity was prophesied five-and-forty years ago by no less an authority than Thomas Babington Macaulay. "It would not be at all strange" wrote, in 1839, the illustrious reviewer of a certain work on "The State in Its Relations with the Church," "if Mr. Gladstone were one of the most unpopular men in England." Macaulay, it is true, wrote as a flamboyant Whig, and at a period when, to use his own words, Mr. Gladstone, "a young man of unblemished character and of distinguished Parliamentary talents," was "the rising hope of those stern and unbending Tories" who followed, reluctantly and mutinously, a leader (Sir Robert Peel?) "whose experience and eloquence were indispensable to them, but whose cautious temper and moderate opinions they abhorred."

What is popularity? *Ah, bah!* I remember, some thirty years ago, when a certain Ensign of Foot, the ill-treated hero of a scandalous court-martial, was about the most popular man in England. His waxen image was added to Madame Tussaud's Walhalla. Where is the Ensign's waxwork now? There may be oldsters who can remember when "Satan Montgomery" was as popular as a poet as he was as a preacher. Where be his poems and his preachments? I dare say that "Anne of Swansea" was once as popular a novelist as Miss Braddon. Popularity is the shadow of the shadow of smoke, and he is a fool who cares for it.

I wish that Mr. Algernon Charles Swinburne would communicate with his friend Victor Hugo, and passionately implore that renowned poet, novelist, and dramatist not to give vent (at his age, too) to utterances which are simply so much "bosh." M. Jules Lacroix (I read in the *St. James's*) has produced at the Odéon a French version of "Macbeth," not in prose like M. Richepin's, nor in verse interspersed with prose, but in verse, throughout. It was M. Victor Hugo who suggested this course of treatment. "Make your verse homogeneous," he said to the translator. "In French, the difference between prose and verse is immense. In English, there is scarcely any difference at all. Prose only exists in the three great literary languages—Greek, Latin, and French. It does not exist in English." For goodness' sake, Mr. Swinburne, send this vain old man some excerpts of your own prose and your own verse, and bid him find some friend who understands the genius of the English language, to explain the difference that exists between our prose and our verse.

Or, admired writer of "Atalanta in Calydon" (A 1 verse) and "William Blake" (A 1 prose), if you are too modest to confute the Frenchman by extracts from your own writings, I will trouble you with a characteristic example of English prose which, I venture to think, can, for its simple majesty, only be surpassed by Milton's tremendous anathema in his tractate on "Reformation in England," and Raleigh's nobly pathetic apostrophe to Death. I quote the exordium to Sir Henry Spelman's "De Sepultura":—

As it is a work of the Law of Nature and of Nations, of Human and Divine Law, to bury the Dead, so is it to administer that which necessarily conduceth to it—the Place and Office of Burial. If Man were so impious as not to afford it, the Earth, to his Shame will do it; she will open the Pores of her Body and take in the Blood. She will send forth her Children the Worms to bring in the Flesh of their Brother, and with her Mantle the Grass as with a Winding Sheet, She will enfold the Bones and bury all together in her own Bosom. Men (in Passion) often refuse to do it to their Enemies, to wicked Persons and to notorious Offenders; but She as a natural Mother that can forget none of her Children doth thus for them all, both good and bad.

Now, this is the plain prose of an old dry-as-dust black-letter lawyer. The metaphor which governs the passage is borrowed from Lucan's "Pharsalia"; but the merit of the prose is all Spelman's own. To my mind, it is wonderfully powerful prose, English in its every word. Yet, I will wager that a writer with the command of poetic diction possessed by Mr. Swinburne would be able, with but little labour, to paraphrase this rugged prose into melodiously lyrical and touching verse.

"The three great literary languages," forsooth! Spain, with "Don Quixote" as its prose masterpiece, does not count, in M. Victor Hugo's estimation, as a literary language. Nor, I suppose, has M. Hugo ever heard of such Italian prose writers as Guicciardini and Moscardo and Machiavelli, as Ganganelli and Beccaria and Manzoni.

Mem.: The mention of the great but too diffuse Italian historian, of course recalls Macaulay's famous sneer: "There was, it is said, a criminal in Italy who was suffered to make his choice between Guicciardini and the galleys. He chose the history. But the war of Pisa was too much for him. He changed his mind and went to the oar." ("Critical and Historical Essays," art. "Burleigh and his Times.") But Macaulay tells the story incorrectly. There never was a criminal in Italy who was offered a choice between Guicciardini and the galleys. Boccacini, in his "Ragnugli del Parnasso," invented a fabulous "Lacedæmonian" who had been guilty of the crime (punishable as such, in Sparta) of speaking three words when two would have sufficed. He was not offered any choice, but was condemned to read, not all Guicciardini, but

the War of Pisa through. And it was then that the apocryphal "Lacedæmonian" broke down, and begged to be sent to the galleys.

Mr. Gladstone—still desperately unpopular, and, outwardly at least, so hardened and impenitent as to wear a flower in his button-hole and to walk without leaning on the stick which he carried—has been laying (Nov. 4), in the presence of a great concourse of ladies and gentlemen of unpopular politics, the first stone of the National Liberal Club, in Whitehall-avenue. Farewell, a long farewell to Liberal meetings in the bar-parlour of the Pig and Whistle or the tap-room of the Half-Moon and Seven Stars. The Liberals of to-day and to-morrow (Hail to his Most Gracious Majesty To-Morrow!) are to be housed in a palace to which the Reform will be but a shanty and the Devonshire a bothie. An area of more than twenty-three thousand feet, facing on the east the Victoria Embankment. A club-palace to be erected at an estimated cost (mind, an "estimated" cost) of one hundred and twenty thousand pounds. The style, Early Renaissance. A tower one hundred and eighty feet high. A library with shelf-space for twenty thousand books. Smoking-rooms, billiard-rooms, a bar, open loggie leading to broad balconies, grill-rooms, private dining-rooms, and a conference-room for the Caucus. Think of that, Master Brooke; or, rather, think of it most potent, grave, and reverend Seigniors of Brookes's Club.

The Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain (no need to say that he looked incorrigibly impenitent and flaunted an unusually flagitious flower at his button-hole) took occasion to remark in his speech that he did not know whether the vast building about to be erected would be the home of the Caucus; but that he did not care to dispute the soft impeachment, and that if the Caucus did find its home in the new edifice, the new National Liberal Club would become the centre of almost the whole of the working strength and activity of the Liberal party. That may be. I scarcely understand what the Caucus is; and Liberals, I suppose, are not bound to do its bidding. "No Caucuses admitted, even on business," is certainly the motto of one great Liberal club; but I venture to think the word "caucus" a detestably ugly one, and I protest against its being foisted into English political speech, just as I protested against the indefensible Gallicism "clôture." If Birmingham likes the word "caucus," let Birmingham enjoy its fill of the objectionable word; but let us, at least, be free from it in Whitehall. If we continue to open the door to political Americanisms we shall, ere long, have a "Tammany" in Pall-mall.

Mr. Josh Billings, that racy American humourist, wound up his celebrated diatribe against "skeeters" or mosquitoes with the withering remark, "Besides, ye are not mortal." Analogously and additionally the word "caucus" should be hated, because it is even destitute of an indisputable etymology. One naturally turns for an explanation of the term to the American Webster; and therein you shall find that "caucus" is probably a corruption of "calkers," and springs from a quarrel at Boston, in 1770, between some British soldiers and certain rope-makers and caulkers.

But Professor Scheele De Vere, in his "English of the New World," says that some classical scholars derive "caucus" from the Latin-Greek "seyphus," the name of the cup which Joseph used for divination. Other linguists have raised the question whether "caucus" might not be connected with the Latin *joculare* or the German *gaulken* (why not with the French *cocasse*, Messieurs the linguists?); and finally, in the latest edition of "The Imperial Dictionary" (Ogilvie and Annandale), there is a plausible suggestion that "caucus" is from an Algonquin root, meaning to speak, encourage, instigate, whence *kaw-kaw-wus*, a counsellor. I care not if "caucus" be derived from the memorable "cock-horse" which was ridden to Banbury Cross. I only wish to see the vile word banished from metropolitan political speech.

Altogether, what with the new National Liberal Club and the new Admiralty and War offices, concerning which the First Commissioner of Works has been speaking (Nov. 3) so hopefully at the fiftieth session of the Royal Institute of British Architects; what with the already erect Home Office and Foreign Office, the Treasury Buildings, the promised improvements in Parliament-street, King-street, and Downing-street, that "New Whitehall" of which Pope superbly dreamed bids fair to become, even in our time, an accomplished fact. What a wonderfully different Whitehall from that of which the picture, in the middle of the last century, was painted by Antonio Da Canal for the Duke of Northumberland! Canaletto's Whitehall is a vast wilderness of highly picturesque hovels dominated by Inigo Jones's Banqueting House.

Right good service is done, however, to the cause of the History of Civilisation, both social and political, by the skilled artist who, with pencil, graver, or etching-needle, is enabled to hand down to us faithful transcripts of the few remaining relics of metropolitan antiquity. A work worthy to be placed side by side with Ackermann's "Microcosm of London," with Wilkinson's "Londoniana," and with J. T. Smith's ("Nollekens" Smith's) "Antiquities of Westminster," is the sumptuous series of "Etchings of Old London," by Ernest George, just published by the Fine-Art Society, New Bond-street.

The collection comprises pictures, among others, of the "Paul Pinder," Bishopsgate-street; Foubert's-place, Regent-street; Crown-court, Pall-mall; Bartholomew-close, Drury-lane, Temple Bar, Aldgate, Millbank, Shadwell, Staple Inn, Oxford Market, and the Oxford Arms, Warwick-lane. Oxford Market and Temple Bar have already given up the ghost; and I should not like to bet (if I ever betted) on the probable longevity of Major Foubert's-place, of Wych-street, Strand, or of Crown-court, the narrow alley which runs from King-

street, St. James's, to Pall-mall, over against Marlborough House. Crown-court would make, I should say, a capital *emplacement* for stately sets of residential chambers. I first became aware of it in the year 1837, and mind it chiefly for the reason that on the west side was the stage-door of the St. James's Theatre, then recently built by John Braham on the site of Old Nerot's Hotel, the many windowed hostelry where the Hon. William Pitt used to stay when he was a young man, and where George, Prince of Wales, used to sup with his brother the Duke of Clarence. Crown-court, Pall-mall, brings back to me memories of Braham and Harley, of Wright and Strickland and Alfred Wigan, of Gilbert à Beckett and Priscilla Horton, and Fanny Stirling and Laura Addison (Mrs. Seymour), and John Parry. Is the stage-door of the St. James's there still, I wonder? I know not. I have done with stage-doors. A year or two ago I wandered out of Pall-mall one wintry afternoon to see if a little old chandler's shop, where I used to buy Christmas candles when I was a child (we lived in King-street), yet existed. Christmas candles—blue, green, red, yellow, and white—all of rank tallow, but splendid in hue. Christmas candles four a penny, if you picked your colours. Five a penny if the chandler-shop keeper chose for you; but that cruel woman usually gave you, at least, two white tallow tapers to three coloured ones. The shop was still there in 1881. I suppose that it was my candle-dealer's granddaughter who served me with a penny ball of string. I lucked the heart to inquire for Christmas candles; and I quite forgot to look for the stage-door.

Mr. Edwin Arnold's melodious poem of the "Light of Asia" is, I believe, frequently "performed" as a religious ceremony in Buddhist temples in India. His exquisite rendering of the "Mahābhinishkramana" has been woven into carpets and embroidered on gauze veils; and at one of the Chinese theatres at San Francisco (the other is "run" on Confucian lines) the Life and Teaching of Gautama, Prince of India, and founder of the Buddhist faith, has been dramatised as a play in one hundred and seventy-five acts, which began last Easter and may be expected to conclude about Christmas. I happened, lately, to meet a Neo-Buddhist (it was at an evening party, and he was an American), with whom I held long converse touching the poetic genius of Mr. Edwin Arnold. "Yes," he remarked, incidentally, "and he will live upwards of five thousand years. We have it from the Vidame de Poitiers." What the Dickens had the Vidame de Poitiers (who has been dead ever so long) got to do with Gautama, Prince of India, and Mr. Edwin Arnold, M.A., and Companion of the Star of India?

Thus much, however, have I to do with Mahābhinishkramana, or the "Great Renunciation," that I wish to call attention to the fact that Messrs. Triebner have just published an "Edition de Luxe" of the "Light of Asia," illustrated for the most part with photographic engravings (curiously Greek in design and spirit are many of these pictures) of Buddhist sculptures and frescoes found in ancient ruins in India, and of the average age of two thousand years; and many of these illustrations have been identified by eminent archaeologists as actually illustrating scenes in the life of Gautama Buddha. The illustrated edition of the "Light of Asia" is a very superb production, and at the approaching festive season should be largely in demand as a gift-book. Buddhism is said to be at a premium just now, in polite society.

That query into the by-gone custom of cracking a gad-whip in Caistor church on Palm Sunday has brought on me a terrible burden of correspondence; and I almost regret that I did not refer my questioner, in the first instance, to *Notes and Queries*. Few out of my numerous correspondents seem, however, to be able to go beyond conjecture, or the recitation of dim legends as to the meaning of the gad-whip custom. Touching the signification of the purse full of silver pennies, suspended to the whip, I fancy that I have found a clue in Kemble's "Saxons in England" (new edition, revised by W. de Grey Birch), vol. i. p. 222:

But he (the emancipated serf) still remained in some degree under the mund of the King, who received his wergild, and had certain rights over his inheritance. I do not know if this has any connection with a law of Henry the First, which provides that in any case of manumission the serf shall give thirty pence to the Lord, as a witness—namely, the price of his skin, for a testimony that he is thenceforth its master. That is, that he is no longer liable to corporal punishment, like a serf.

To make an end of the "Goto Pot" discussion, I may as well say that the stories with which I have been favoured as to there having been a doctor named Pott, and of invalids being advised to "go to Pot;" and of there having been a man who lived in a house overlooking a churchyard, and who, whenever he saw a corpse carried to the grave, was accustomed to drop a half-penny into a flower-pot, and solemnly exclaim, "There's another one 'Gone to Pot,'" are sheer nonsense, and the inventions of idle persons.

We have been hearing a good deal about the Hittites lately. Even Mr. Gladstone has found time to say something about them; and a correspondent appropriately reminds me of the excellent story of the first Lord Westbury reading in a newspaper an account of a prize-fight being interrupted by a swarm of wasps, whose nest the pugilists had unwarrantably disturbed. "Humph!" remarked his Lordship, "a battle between the Hittites and the Hivites, in which the latter had decidedly the best of it." Perhaps another correspondent will tell me that the joke was not Lord Westbury's, but somebody else's. It is good enough to have been made by Bishop Wilberforce. Do you remember his being asked whether it was permissible for clergymen to smoke. "Well," he replied, "perhaps the Judicious Hookah." There are few things so difficult as the tracing of witticisms to their original source. For a long time Oliver Goldsmith was said to be the author of the jest that "honours to a man in his situation, were like a pair of ruffles to a man who had no shirt." It happens that Tom Brown said very nearly the same thing many years before Goldsmith was born; and now I have traced the joke to one Sorbière, a Frenchman, half physician and half adventurer, who travelled in England and wrote a book about us in the times of the Merry Monarch. G. A. S.

THE NEW LORD MAYOR AND SHERIFFS.

The Right Hon. Mr. Alderman G. S. Nottage, Lord Mayor of London for the ensuing year, is descended from the family of the Nottages, of Nottage, in Glamorganshire, who afterwards settled in Essex, in which county he spent his early youth. He is sixty-one years of age, and was married, in 1851, to Christiana, daughter of Mr. James Warner, descended, on her maternal side, from the old Cheshire family of the Leftwiches. He is a nephew of the late Mr. Alderman Challis, many years M.P. for Finsbury. Both his uncles served the office of Sheriff. His own family consists of a son and daughter. The former, Mr. Charles Nottage, graduated at Cambridge in honours, and was afterwards called to the Bar at the Inner Temple. His daughter is married to Mr. Samuel Palmer, a partner in the well-known Reading firm. Mr. Alderman Nottage was for many years engaged in the large iron business of his uncle, Mr. R. W. Kennard, the late member for Newport. He is better known, however, as the founder of the London Stereoscopic and Photographic Company, which, with its agencies in various parts of the world, has developed itself into the largest concern of its kind. He is a member of the Spectacle-makers' and Loriners' Companies, and is at the present time Master of the Carpenters' Company. He was elected Alderman of the Cordwainer Ward in 1875, and to the office of Sheriff in 1877. For many years he has held the position of chairman of the Visiting Justices of her Majesty's jail at Holloway, and has been an active magistrate; he is the author of some published letters on the grand jury system.

Mr. Alderman Whitehead, the newly-elected Senior Sheriff of London and Middlesex, is a native of Westmorland. He came to London in 1860, and from that time until his retirement in 1881 was engaged in what is known as the "Bradford Trade." In 1882, on the death of Mr. Alderman Breffit, a requisition, signed by nearly the whole of the electors of the ward of Cheap, inviting him to stand for the Aldermanic Gown, was presented to him, and he was elected without a contest. During the short time he has been connected with the Corporation, he has served



THE RIGHT HON. ALDERMAN G. S. NOTTAGE,
THE NEW LORD MAYOR OF LONDON.

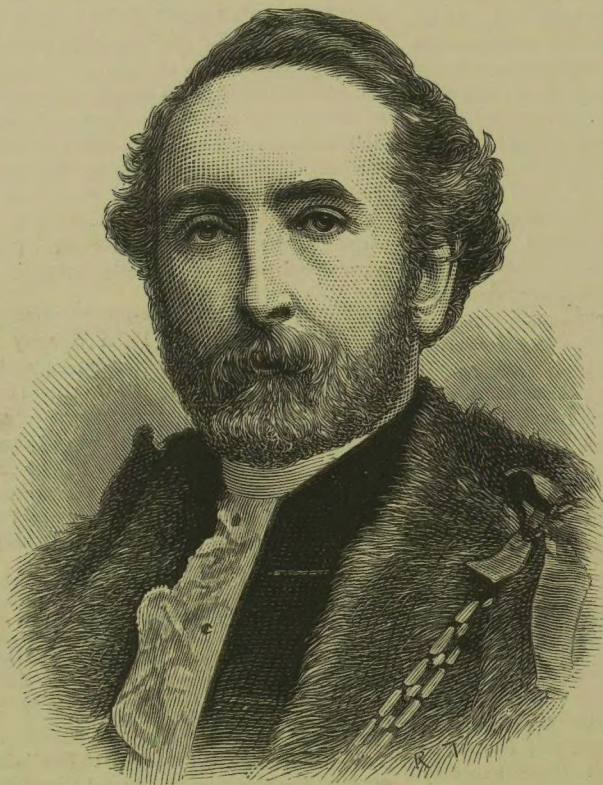
on several important Committees, including City Lands, Coal, Corn, and Finance, City of London School, and Library Committees. He is also a member of the Irish Society, a Governor of Queen Anne's Bounty, Christ's Hospital, St. Bartholomew's, Bethlehem, Bridewell, and Emanuel Hospitals. Besides being a magistrate and one of her Majesty's Lieutenants for the City of London, he is a justice of the peace for the county of Kent, a justice of the peace and Deputy Lieutenant for the county of Westmorland, for which county he is also the accepted Liberal candidate for the next election. He is a member of the Devonshire, City Liberal, and National Liberal Clubs, and a trustee of the Rowland Hill Benevolent Fund for aged and distressed post office employes, which he was largely instrumental in founding.

Mr. G. Faudel Phillips, the other new Sheriff, is the younger son of Alderman Sir B. S. Phillips, of the firm of Faudel, Phillips, and Sons, Newgate-street, in which he has been a partner since 1861. He received his education at London University College and in France and Germany. He has taken the chief part in the development of the large business of the firm of which he is a member. He married Ellen Matilda, fourth daughter of Mr. J. M. Levy, one of the proprietors of the *Daily Telegraph*, and has two sons and three daughters. Mr. Phillips is a member of the Spectacle-makers' Company. He is the Liberal candidate for the borough of Horsham.

Our Portraits of the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs are from the photographs taken by the London Stereoscopic Company.

THE CAPTIVITY OF THE NISERO CREW.

The released crew of the *Nisero*, a British merchant steam-vessel, wrecked on the northern coast of Sumatra on Nov. 8, 1883, arrived in London on Monday week. They were detained by a Malay chieftain, the Rajah of Tenom, after the plunder of the wreck, during ten dreary months, till Sept. 7 last, when their release was obtained by the efforts of Mr. W. E. Maxwell, Colonial Office Resident at Perak, in the Straits Settlements, and Commander Andrew Bick-



MR. ALDERMAN AND SHERIFF WHITEHEAD.



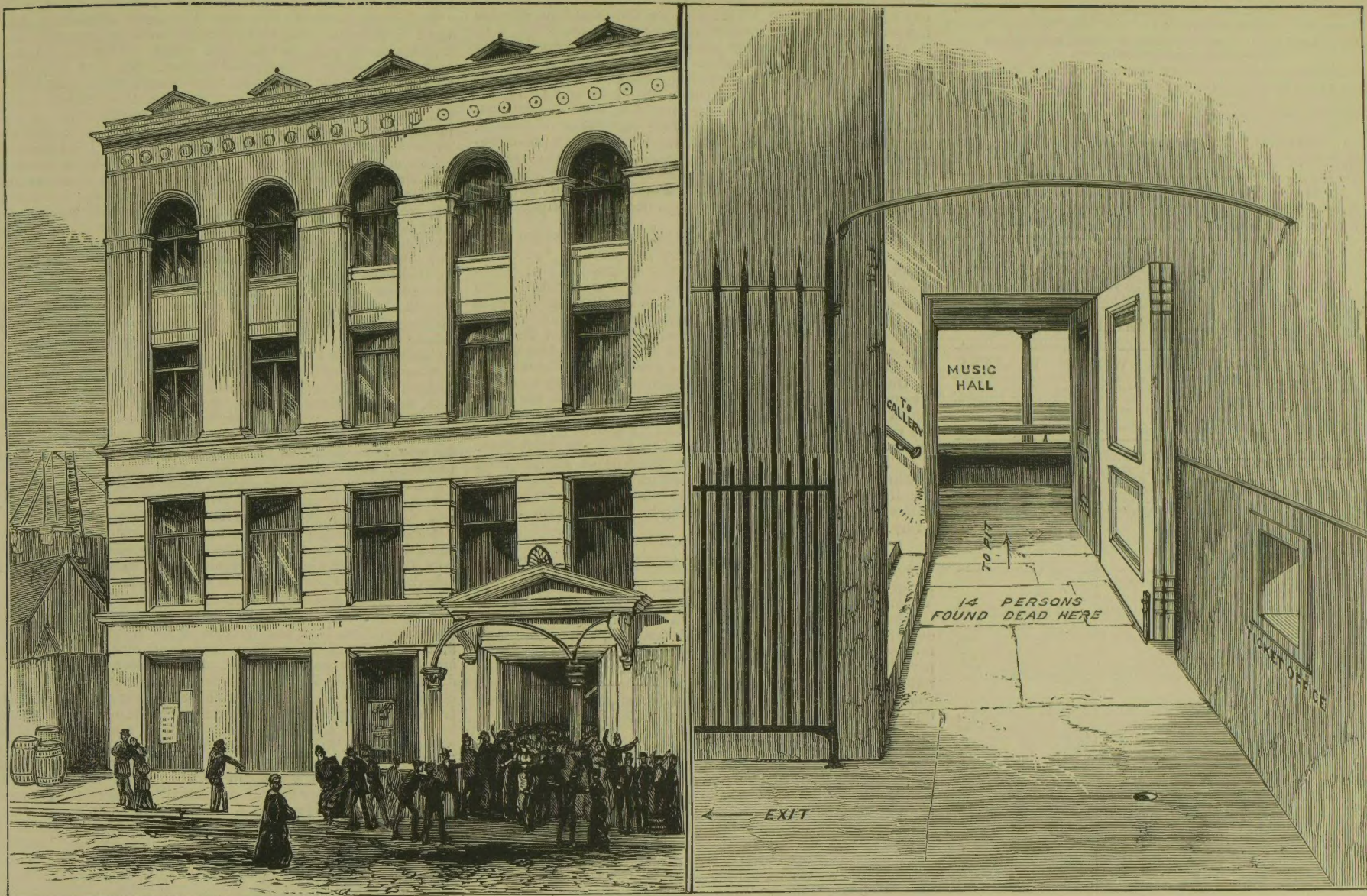
MR. SHERIFF FAUDEL PHILLIPS.

ford, R.N., commanding H.M. sloop *Pegasus*, dispatched to relieve the distressed British subjects. This long delay in taking direct measures for their liberation was due to the peculiar circumstances of the case. The Acheen territories of Sumatra, where these men were held in a sort of captivity, have been claimed for many years past by the Dutch Government, which is still at war with the native chiefs, and striving to effect their subjugation. It was therefore deemed proper for our Foreign Office to apply to the Dutch Government, in the regular diplomatic manner, to procure the release of these unfortunate men. The agents of that Government may have done what they could, but their intervention only made matters worse; for the Malays, considering Dutchmen as their enemies, not only refused to give up the captive European sailors, but thenceforth treated them more hardly, being further exasperated by the absence of Mr. Woodhouse, the master of the *Nisero*, who had been permitted to go away upon his promise to return with a sufficient pecuniary ransom. They were compelled to reside in a miserable place which they called "Sandy Island," exposed to the heavy rains of a tropical climate, with only a wretched shed for their shelter, and were scantily fed with rice of unwholesome quality. One died of consumption and seven died of cholera; two engineers, and a Chinaman, contrived to escape; and the remainder, when finally released on payment of 40,000 dollars ransom, were conveyed by the *Pegasus* to the British settlement of

Penang, where they arrived on Sept. 16. They were kindly and joyfully received by their fellow-countrymen at Penang, and most of them, being invalids, were taken into the General Hospital, where all possible attention was bestowed on them. The chief officer, Mr. C. S. Crighton, and the chief engineer, Mr. James Wilson, signed a letter of thanks to the Commander, officers, and crew of the *Pegasus* for their kind treatment on board that ship. Not less credit is due to the authorities at Penang, where they were first met by the Harbour-master, Captain T. A. Fox, R.N., a distinguished naval officer, who has also served as a military volunteer in the Indian Mutiny War. We are indebted to Captain Fox for sending us the photograph of the survivors of the *Nisero* crew. The Hon. W. E. Maxwell, who has held several important offices at Penang, Malacca, Perak, and Singapore, during the past fifteen years, merits particular commendation for his successful exertions; and so does Commander Bickford, who did good service with the *Thalia* troop-ship in the Egyptian expedition. The crew of the *Nisero* were brought to England by the steamer *Ajax*, under an arrangement with our Government, and on Thursday week they waited upon the Lord Mayor to thank him for having opened a fund at the Mansion House for the relief of their wives and families while they were in captivity. The men were accompanied by Mr. Clare, one of the owners of the vessel, and were received very warmly by the Lord Mayor. Mr. Crichton, the chief engineer, having said a

few words, the Lord Mayor said it was with very great pleasure that he met them that day. He was glad for their own sakes, and for the sake of the national honour, that they had arrived safely home, while he deeply deplored that seven of their number had not survived their prolonged captivity. No especial thanks were due to him. He had only done what anyone acting as Lord Mayor would have done, and he had been kindly assisted by Lord Edmund Fitzmaurice, Lord Claud Hamilton, Mr. Brogden, Mr. Slagg, and other members of Parliament. He hoped their prolonged and painful detention would have no lasting effect on their health or spirits.

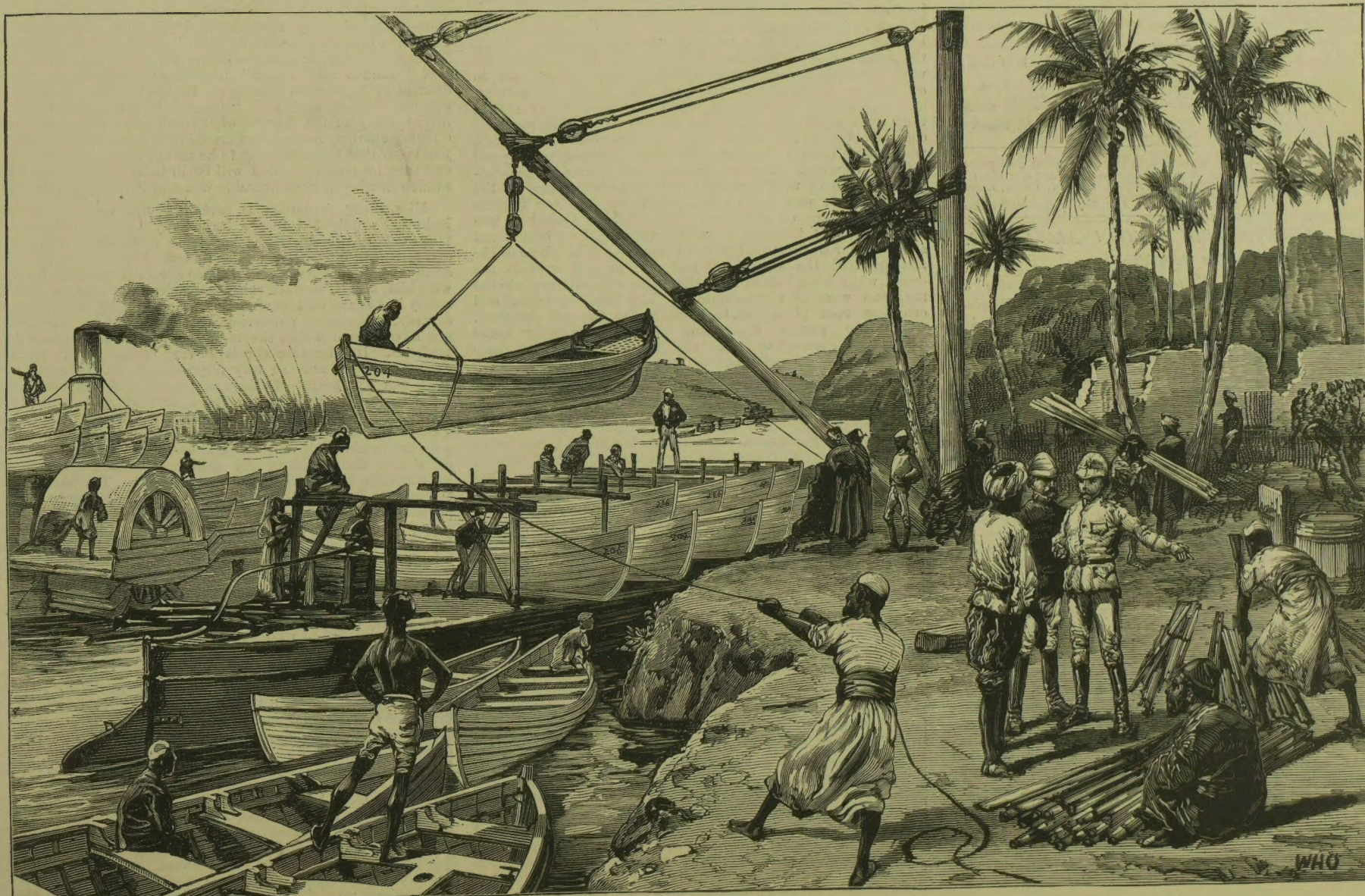
We have been furnished by Mr. W. Bradley, third engineer of the *Nisero*, with sketches illustrating this remarkable story; and some had previously been received from Mr. Doyle, a Sumatra coast, and of the wreck of the *Nisero* still lying there when the crew returned ten months afterwards; a portrait of the local chief residing at that place; "Sandy Island," on the Tenom river, with the huts occupied by the Rajah of Tenom, the natives attending his Highness, and the British captives; a separate view of the exterior of the hut or shed assigned to our countrymen; and one of the interior, showing the frames erected to support their beds, the cemetery containing the graves of the seven who died, and the monumental wooden crosses erected there; and some figures of natives, and specimens of implements and weapons.



The Star Theatre of Varieties, Glasgow.

Place on the stairs where fourteen persons were crushed to death.

THE DISASTER AT A GLASGOW THEATRE, ON SATURDAY LAST.



THE NILE EXPEDITION: BARGES DISCHARGING BOATS ON THE NILE AT ELEPHANTINE ISLAND, ASSOAN.
FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. MELTON PRIOR.

BIRTH.

On the 2nd inst., at Surbiton-hill, Surrey, Mrs. Wilberforce Bryant, of a daughter.

DEATHS.

On the 29th ult., at Barnstaple, Henrietta, wife of the late Charles Henry Incedon Webber, J.P., of Buckland House, North Devon, and daughter of the late Charles Chichester, J.P., of Hall, North Devon, aged 75.

On the 3rd inst., at St. Ippollitis, Hitchin, Fanny, widow of the Rev. Henry Jeremy Hale, of Kingswolden, Herts, in the 95th year of her age.

* * The charge for the insertion of Births, Marriages, and Deaths, is Five Shillings for each announcement.

THE VALE OF TEARS.—DORÉ'S Last Great PICTURE, completed a few days before he died, NOW on VIEW at the DORÉ GALLERY, 35, New Bond-street, with his other great pictures. Ten to Six Daily. 1s.

ANNO DOMINI, by EDWIN LONG, R.A.—This great work is NOW on VIEW, together with other important works, at the GALLERIES, 108, New Bond-street. Ten to Six. Admission, 1s.

THE ANNUAL WINTER EXHIBITION of PICTURES, by English and Continental Artists including Louis J. James's new picture, "A Competition, 1780," is NOW OPEN, at ARTHUR TOOTH and SONS' GALLERIES, 5 and 6, Haymarket. Admission, One Shilling, including Catalogue.

THE PRINCE'S THEATRE, Coventry-street, W. LIGHTED BY ELECTRICITY. Proprietor and Manager, Mr. Edgar Bruce. EVERY EVENING, at a Quarter to Eight, the Play *Pygmalion* in Twenty Minutes, called SIX AND EIGHTPENCE. At a Quarter-past Eight, a New Play, written by Messrs. Hugh Conway and Comyns Carr, entitled CALLED BACK, adapted from Mr. Hugh Conway's very successful story of that name. For cast see daily papers. New scenery and costumes. Doors open at Half-past Seven. Carriages at Eleven. No fees. Box-Office open daily from Eleven to Five. MATINEE of CALLED BACK, SATURDAY, NOV. 15, at 2.30.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—MR. WILSON BARRETT, Lessee and Manager.—EVERY EVENING, at 7.45, HAMLET. Produced under the sole direction of Mr. Wilson Barrett. Characters by Messrs. Wilson Barrett, Speakman, Willard, Deveraux, Clifford Cooper, Frank Cooper, Cranford, Hudson, Doone, De Solla, Evans, Fulton, Foss, &c., and George Barrett; Madames Eastlake, Dickens, &c., and M. Leighton. Doors open at 7.15. Carriages at 11.15. Box-office, 9.30 to Five. No fees. Business Manager, J. H. Cobbe.

ROYAL ALBERT HALL, WEDNESDAY, NOV. 19. MR. GEORGE WATTS'S GRAND MORNING CONCERT, to commence at Three, up to the most distinguished patronage. Madame Christine Nilsson, Madame Minnie Hank, Madame Trebelli, Miss Hope Glenn, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Santley, Mr. Joseph Maas, Signor Foli, and Signor Fariotti. Violin, Monsieur Buziau; violoncello, Monsieur Holman; piano, Mr. W. Coenen; harmonium, Dr. Engel; harp, Mr. John Cheshire. Conductors, Mr. SNEY NAYLOR and Mr. HENRY PARKER. Prices, 1s., 2s., 6d., and 10s. 6d. Programmes, plan, and tickets at the Royal Albert Hall; of Messrs. J. B. Cramer and Co., 201, Regent-street, and 63, New Bond-street; of the usual Agents; and at Austin's Ticket Office, St. James's Hall, Piccadilly. Convenient trains from all stations.

ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY. TRIUMPHANT SUCCESS OF **THE MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS'** NEW PROGRAMME. All the new songs and all the new and screaming comic sketches received with the greatest enthusiasm by houses crowded to repletion. Return of the inimitable and justly popular comedian, Mr. G. W. MOORE. Performances all the year round EVERY NIGHT at EIGHT; DAY PERFORMANCES EVERY MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, and SATURDAY, at THREE, as well. Doors open for Day Performance at 2.30; for Night ditto at 7.30. Prices of Admission: 1s., 2s., 3s., and 6s. No fees.

POLO BALL, BRIGHTON.—THE ELEVENTH ANNUAL POLO and UNITED COUNTRIES HUNT FANCY-DRESS BALL takes place at the ROYAL PAVILION, BRIGHTON, on THURSDAY, NOV. 20. The most fashionable and aristocratic event of the Brighton Season. Full particulars sent on application to the Secretary, 173, Piccadilly, London, W.

THE BRIGHTON SEASON. Art Loan Exhibition at Royal Pavilion open every week-day. Frequent Trains from Victoria and London Bridge. Also Trains in connection from Kensington, Chelsea, &c. Return Tickets, London to Brighton, available for eight days. Weekly, Fortnightly, and Monthly Tickets, at Cheap Rates. Available to travel by all Trains between London and Brighton. Pullman Drawing-room Cars between Victoria and Brighton. Through Bookings to Brighton from principal Stations on the Railways in the Northern and Midland Districts.

BRIGHTON EVERY WEEK-DAY.—A First Class Cheap Train from Victoria, 10 a.m. Day Return Tickets 12s. 6d., including Pullman Car; available to return by the 5.45 p.m. Pullman Express-Train, or by any later Train.

BRIGHTON EVERY SUNDAY.—First Class Cheap Trains from Victoria 10.45 a.m. and 12.50 p.m., calling at Clapham Junction and Croydon. Day Return Tickets, 1s. A Pullman Drawing-room Car is run in the 10.45 a.m. Train from Victoria to Brighton, returning from Brighton by the 8.40 p.m. Train. Special Cheap Fare from Victoria, including Pullman Car, 12s., available by these Trains only.

BRIGHTON.—THE GRAND AQUARIUM.—EVERY SATURDAY, Cheap First Class Trains from Victoria at 10.40 and 11.40 a.m., calling at Clapham Junction, and from London Bridge at 9.30 a.m. and 12.5 p.m., calling at East Croydon. Day Return Fare—First Class, Half a Guinea, including Admission to the Aquarium and the Royal Pavilion.

PARIS.—SHORTEST CHEAPEST ROUTE. Via NEWHAVEN, DIEPPE, and ROUEN. Cheap Express Service Week-days and Sundays. From Victoria 7.50 p.m., and London Bridge 9.0 p.m. Fare—Single, 3s. 2s., 1s.; Return, 5s., 4s., 3s. Powerful Paddle Steamers, with excellent Cabins, &c. Trains run alongside steamers at Newhaven and Dieppe. SOUTH OF FRANCE, ITALY, SWITZERLAND, &c.—Tourists' Tickets are issued, enabling the holder to visit all the principal places of interest.

TICKETS and every information at the Brighton Company's West-End General Offices, 28, Regent-circus, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar-square; City Offices, Hay's Agency, Cornhill; Cook's, Ludgate-circus; also at the Victoria and London Bridge Stations. (By order) J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager.

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON ALMANACK.

Now Publishing.

The Illustrated London Almanack for 1885, containing Six Coloured Pictures, by F. De Neck, F. H. Pavy, and G. O. Harrison, inclosed in a Beautifully Coloured Wrapper, printed by Leighton Brothers' Chromatic Process; Twenty-four Fine-Art Engravings; Astronomical Occurrences, with Explanatory Notes; and a great variety of Useful Information for reference throughout the Year, is published at the Office of the "Illustrated London News."

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THE NILE EXPEDITION.

A fictitious narrative of the surrender of Khartoum and the capture of General Gordon, published by a Paris newspaper upon the authority of an anonymous informant at Cairo, was reprinted in London on Monday, and was accompanied by the utterly groundless statement that the Khedive of Egypt had telegraphed the same news to the Queen and to the Prince of Wales. It is not very creditable to the sagacity of any journalists who reproduced this story without instantly rejecting the supposition of its truth; for the details were manifestly inconsistent with facts already known. The statement that Khartoum was closely invested, about Oct. 5, by an army of 150,000 men under the Mahdi, who had intercepted Gordon's steam-boat flotilla on its way to Berber, and that Colonel Stewart's vessel alone had got to that place, but only to be wrecked lower down the river, is directly at variance with our previous authentic information. We know that Gordon did reach Berber, and that after his conflict with the enemy there he returned safely to Khartoum, leaving Stewart to proceed further down the Nile; but there is, unhappily, too much reason to believe that Stewart met with a fatal disaster, being murdered, with his companions, by the Arabs whom he trusted to guide him across the desert. Circumstantial reports of this massacre have been transmitted by Sir Charles Wilson from natives arriving at Dongola, and they state that Colonel Stewart, Mr. Power, and M. Herbin, the French Consul, were put to death, near the Wady Garna cataract (the Fifth Cataract of the Nile). On the other hand, it is stated that the Mahdi's forces have attacked Gordon's outposts at Omderman, opposite Khartoum, and were repulsed

with heavy loss. This was the news at Dongola on Sunday last, and it was added that Gordon attacked the enemy on the Nile just above Khartoum with twelve vessels, including steamers. For eight hours the engagement lasted; there were twenty-five thousand of the enemy, and they had four Krupp guns, but one burst; they retreated, leaving enormous numbers of dead behind them. The Mahdi retired to Enmek, one day's journey south of Khartoum. In the meantime, Gordon has sent steamers, with provisions, up to Sennaar.

General Lord Wolseley arrived at Dongola on Monday evening on board the Nassif-el-Kheir. The Commander-in-Chief was received at the wharf by Colonel Herbert Stewart and the Mudir, both accompanied by their staffs. Native troops lined the approach to the Mudirich, while the 1st Battalion Royal Sussex Regiment formed the guard of honour. After a brief visit to the Mudir, Lord Wolseley, with a personal escort of mounted infantry, proceeded to head-quarters, the mounted infantry and the men of the Sussex Regiment lining the route. The Mudir has been invested by Lord Wolseley with the Order of Companion of St. Michael and St. George.

The troops assembled at Wady Halfa were to begin their advance on Tuesday, with the 1st Battalion of the South Staffordshire regiment, to be followed by the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry and the Essex regiment. Some of the Guards, for the Camel Corps, arrived on the same day at Wady Halfa. Troops, horses, boats, and stores are rapidly being collected at that place; and it is expected that the whole army will be well to the front by the end of November. The Canadian boatmen are of great service at the Cataracts.

Our Special Artist furnishes Sketches of bustling scenes at Assouan; the removal of the rowing-boats from the barges in which they were conveyed from Assiout, and putting them on the river at Elephantine Island; and the arrival of the postal steam-boat, and loading the camels with the mail-bags. "A Toilsome March," being an incident of campaigning labours in the Desert, is represented on our front page; and Mr. R. C. Woodville contributes the drawing of a mountain battery of light artillery, belonging to the Egyptian Native Army.

FATAL PANIC IN A THEATRE AT GLASGOW.

A terrible disaster, similar to that which occurred at the Victoria Hall, Sunderland, on June 16, 1883, took place at Glasgow on Saturday evening. The loss of life, though very deplorable, is far smaller upon this occasion, being limited to fourteen persons, mostly boys and girls, whereas 180 children perished at Sunderland. There was a panic in a crowded public building, the "Star Theatre of Varieties," and a rush from the pit and gallery, causing the staircase to be blocked up; numbers of people were thrown together in a struggling mass, piled upon each other on the staircase landing; fourteen were stifled or crushed to death, and as many others were injured. The building formerly known as the Star Music-Hall, but more recently styled the Star Theatre of Varieties, is part of a large block at the corner of Watson-street and Gallowgate, erected ten or twelve years ago by a limited liability company. In September last it was opened by Mr. D. S. Mackay, lessee of the Gaiety Theatre, Sauchiehall-street. The hall internally is constructed like a theatre, with boxes and balcony, reached by a broad staircase from the principal entrance in Watson-street; and with pit and gallery, to which there is access by a separate staircase from the back door in Watson-lane. This back staircase is narrow, and consists of four successive flights of stone steps, with six steps to each, besides two connecting steps to each at the turns; at the door of the pit is a landing, 10 ft. long, but only the same width as the staircase. Inside the pit entrance is a short passage leading by a flight of four steps to the pit floor. Opposite the pay-box at the corner of the staircase a heavy iron gate is hung, so arranged that while the audience are coming in it stands across the passage landing, leaving space for only one person to pass at a time. It rests at the top against an iron bar across the staircase, and beyond this point it cannot be pressed inwards. When the audience are dispersing it is thrown backward to the wall, leaving the staircase perfectly free. There are in all eleven landings on the stair from top to bottom, and except the lower ones, where the steps wind round, they form square corners, the one on which the crushing occurred being the third from the ground. The panic, which arose from a drunken man in the gallery calling out "Fire," occurred about ten minutes before nine in the evening, when there were two or three thousand persons in the building. It was during the performance of the Eugene Family, a troupe of acrobats, one of whom, a little boy, was on the point of jumping from the upper gallery into a net stretched across the area below the trapeze. The whole of the audience took the alarm, and rose and pressed towards the doors, while some lads in the gallery threw themselves into the net, and were of course unhurt. The fatal crowding and crushing took place on the landing at the pit entrance, where the people descending from the gallery came upon those emerging from the pit, and the iron gate could not be opened wide to let them out. They were soon heaped upon each other, lying in a mass 7 ft. or 8 ft. high, while some were jammed behind the iron gate. The scene was dreadful beyond description; and it was some time before the passage could be cleared by the police and men called to their assistance. Seven were found dead, one being a man sixty years of age, and seven others, one of them a woman aged twenty-seven, but the others, mostly young, died at the Royal Infirmary. We give two Illustrations, showing the building and the interior at the place where this sad loss of life happened. An official inquiry has been commenced.

Some unusually excellent ballad concerts have been arranged for Thursdays in November at the Royal Victoria Hall and Coffee Tavern (long known as the Victoria Theatre); and the science lectures advertised for Tuesdays at the hall have promise of being very interesting.

In London last week 2745 births and 1503 deaths were registered. Allowing for increase of population, the births were 124, and the deaths 118, below the average numbers in the corresponding weeks of the last ten years. There were 21 deaths from smallpox, 22 from measles, 28 from scarlet fever, 22 from diphtheria, 13 from whooping-cough, and 26 from dysentery.

The large and populous suburbs of Peckham, Nunhead, and East Dulwich, have for a long period felt the want of a public hall, lectures, concerts, and local entertainments, having only been possible in some of the large school-rooms of the neighbourhood. That want, however, has been supplied by the opening, in Rye-lane, of a commodious building, which includes two halls, the larger hall seating nearly one thousand persons. The latter was densely packed at the inaugurating concert last Saturday, among the artists contributing to a delightful evening being Messrs. Edward Lloyd and Barrington Foote, Misses Damian and Bertha Moore, and the Band of the Scots Guards, with Mr. Michael Watson, the popular composer, as pianist and conductor.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

This instant Saturday will be produced, for the first time at the Haymarket, Messrs. Scott and Stephenson's English version of M. Victorien Sardou's play of "Diplomacy," which, in the brave days of old, achieved a success so brilliant and so protracted under the auspices of the Bancroft management at the Prince of Wales's Theatre. Notice of "Diplomacy" at the Haymarket I must necessarily defer until next week; but there remains another announcement which must be made at once, and which cannot be imparted without a feeling of regretful sadness. Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft have made it known that the season which commences at the Haymarket on Nov. 8 will be their farewell one, and that soon after the twentieth anniversary of the opening of the Prince of Wales's, on April 15, 1865, they will retire from the cares and responsibilities—and their multitudinous admirers will be prompt to add the well-borne honours and the well-deserved triumphs—of theatrical management. All lovers of the Drama as it should be, all supporters of a theatre which, in its conduct and administration, has come as near perfection as such an undertaking can well do, will be unfeignedly concerned to hear that the accomplished manageress and manager, still in the prime of life, the brightness of their rare gifts and capacity yet unimpaired, and still in the enjoyment of a prosperity which has known no surcease, should abdicate the sceptre of the realm over which they have so long held gentle sway—the Ferdinand and Isabella of a mimic Castile and a histrionic Aragon. But time flies with a swiftness terrible to some, comfortable and consoling to others. A quarter of a century since the Mrs. Bancroft who so recently delighted us at the Haymarket in Mr. Burnand's "Lesson," was, as Miss Marie Wilton, causing equal delight at the Strand in the "Kenilworth" of Messrs. Halliday and Lawrence; while Mr. Bancroft, for all his youth in years, has become, as an illustrious personage pointed out on a memorable occasion, the oldest among West-End managers. The excellent couple have well earned their claim to leisure and repose. Retiring as they will do in the fulness of their fame, and their laurels still green, they will carry with them into private life the proud consciousness of having unfalteringly upheld the best interests of the English stage, and of having won the universal esteem and acclaim to which their artistic talents and their personal worth entitle them.

The great dramatic event—the excitement, the "sensational," the *furor*—of the past week has been the production (Saturday, Nov. 1) at the Lyceum of the tragedy of "Romeo and Juliet," with Miss Mary Anderson, of course, as Juliet and Mr. W. Terriss as Capulet. It is almost too late in the day to enter into extended comment on the "excellent concocted tragédie of Romeo and Juliet." As it hath been often (with great applause) plaid publicly by the L of Hunsdon his servants," A.D. 1599. The edition adopted by Miss Anderson is the second quarto printed by Thomas Creede for Cuthbert Burby in 1599. "The most elegant and lamentable tragédie of Romeo and Juliet, newly corrected, augmented, and amended." There is, Howard Staunton holds, every reason to believe that the numerous corrections and amplifications in the Creede-Burby quarto of 1599 are exclusively Shakspeare's own. The plot of "Romeo and Juliet" is anybody's—the Byzantine Xenophon Ephesios', Masuccio of Salerno's, Luigi Da Porto's, Bandello's, Boisteau's, Arthur Brooke's, Paynter's. The genius of Shakspeare has made it the most enchanting love-tale in the world, and all his own. "Romeo and Juliet" is a story of love and its pitiable fate in a world whose atmosphere is too rough for the tenderest blossom of human life. Two beings created for each other feel mutual love at a first glance; every consideration disappears before the irresistible influence of living in each other; they join themselves secretly, under circumstances hostile in the highest degree to their happiness, relying merely on the protection of an invisible power. By unfriendly events following blow upon blow, their heroic constancy is exposed to all manner of trials till, forcibly separated from each other by a voluntary death, they are united in the grave to meet in another world." There is little to add to Schlegel's pithy but comprehensive summary save to remark that "Romeo and Juliet" is one of Shakspeare's three dramas of inexorable Necessity, Destiny, Fate. The other two are "Macbeth" and "Hamlet." From the moment in the story of the Lovers of Verona when Sampson and Gregory come upon the stage armed with swords and bucklers, you know that there is going to be throughout a bad business, and that its consummation will be in battle and murder and sudden death—in immeasurable woe and irremediable despair.

Miss Mary Anderson is certainly not an ideal Juliet. Indeed, I wholly fail to see how Lady Capulet's fourteen-year-old daughter (Miss Anderson justifiably makes her eighteen) can be regarded as an ideal character at all. So soon as she catches sight of Romeo she falls violently in love with him, and is at once vehemently desirous that he should marry her in the hottest of haste. She is not by any means a dreamy, speculative, pondering, reflective maiden. She loves, and at once yearns that the man she loves shall become her husband. It is because she is so very young, so very tender, so very trustful, and so very impassioned that she at once wins the sympathy of the audience, and—on this side idolatry—their adoration. There are, of course, a vast variety of ways in which Juliet can give signs of her girlishness, her tenderness, her trustfulness, and her impassioned nature. I have scarcely seen two Juliets—I except of course the mechanically drilled automata—who were exactly alike in the rendering of the part. The three most enchanting Juliets of the last twenty years or so have been, to my mind, the French actress, Stella Colas, who, struggling with a very imperfect knowledge of the English language, achieved by her pathos and passion a veritable triumph; next, the beautiful and fascinating Adelaide Neilson; and, finally, Ellen Terry, the "essential form of grace," the matchless mover both of the heart and the mind. Every one of these three admirable Juliets differed widely from each other, just as Helen Faucit, long before, differed from Helen Tree, and as, I suppose, Miss O'Neill did from both. In Miss Mary Anderson we have still another Juliet, whose exceeding loveliness, while it does not precisely disarm criticism, makes censure, even the most modified, after a manner futile. The fair American actress never looked more beautiful than she did on Saturday, Nov. 1; and her comeliness seemed to be enhanced with every fresh dress which she assumed. She had won three fourths of the battle before she had spoken her first speech; and her really powerful acting in some of the scenes gained for her the remainder of the victory. I liked her least of all in the balcony scene, where her demeanour to Romeo was less that of a love-lorn maiden than of a skittish school-girl. Understand me: there are many kinds of school-girls—sentimental and romantic ones, hoydens, "timid fawns," simpletons, and romps. Miss Anderson reminded you more of the sharp school-girl who "knew her way about" thoroughly in all that concerned stolen assignments and rope-ladders. The mechanical part of her acting was throughout excellent. She is perfectly acquainted with her business as an actress, and never shows signs of *gaucherie* or embarrassment. She plays her long



MOUNTAIN BATTERY—EGYPTIAN ARMY.

SKETCHED BY R. C. WOODVILLE IN EGYPT, 1883.

and difficult part as accurately, as skilfully, and as brilliantly as I imagine that, were music her profession, she would play that, to me, very soulless instrument, the pianoforte; but I doubt her capacity to play either literally or figuratively that most soulful of all instruments, the violin, as a Paganini or a Sivioli would play it. She was at her best in the scene where she takes the position: her terror when she had conjured up the spectre of Tybalt was really enthralling; but she should abandon the absurd device of creeping under the table to get out of the way of the fancy-created spectre. The sole patentee of the art of crawling underneath a table to avoid a Ghost is Mrs. Bancroft. On the whole, Miss Mary Anderson's Juliet was a completely successful and a highly interesting performance—a very finished work of art so far as the artist's perceptions, which are somewhat limited, extend. Of the performers who supported Miss Anderson—notably Mr. W. Terriss, who was almost everything that could be desired as Romeo; Mr. Arthur Stirling, who was admirable as the Friar, and Mrs. Stirling, who was incomparable as the Nurse, together with the superb scenery and the costumes, designed, with rare artistic elegance and curious archaeological erudition, by the Hon. Lewis Wingfield (under whose experienced direction the play has been produced), I shall speak next week. "Romeo and Juliet" will probably draw crowded houses to the Lyceum for many weeks to come. G. A. S.

MUSIC.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

This establishment was opened on Tuesday night for a series of performances of Italian Opera, under the direction of Mr. Samuel Hayes, who has fixed the prices of admission on such a moderate scale as should go far to secure a large amount of patronage. Some eminent artists, already known to London audiences, are engaged, and others are to make their first appearance here. Classical and popular operas are to be given, under the alternate conductorship of Signor Bottesini (the famous contrabass-ist), Signor Tito Mattei (the well-known pianist), and Mr. G. H. Betjemann (of the Royal Italian Opera). As there is no other operative scheme at present in action in London, Mr. Hayes's venture appears to have a good chance of success.

The opening night was devoted to a performance of Rossini's "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," which was very effectively given throughout. Madame Laura Ségur (from La Scala, Milan) obtained a deserved success by her brilliant rendering of the music of Rosina. In the cavatina, "Una voce"; in the duet with Figaro, "Dunque io son"; in the aria introduced in the lesson-scene ("O luce di quest' anima"); and in other instances, Madame Ségur displayed a voice of extensive upper range, great executive skill, and genuine artistic taste. Signor Padilla was an excellent Figaro, Signor Frapolli a satisfactory Almaviva, and Signor Castelmari an efficient Basilio—the cast having included Signor Zoboli as Bartolo, and Mdlle. Desvignes as Bertha. The orchestra comprises some of our most skilful instrumentalists, and the chorus is sufficient for ordinary requirements. Mr. Betjemann conducted. The opera was announced for repetition on Thursday, "Don Giovanni" having been promised for this (Saturday) evening.

The first Saturday afternoon popular concert of the new season (the twenty-seventh), took place at St. James's Hall last week, the second of the evening performances having been given on Monday. In each instance Madame Norman-Néruda was the leading violinist, and Herr Barth the solo pianist—Mr. Santley having been the vocalist on Saturday, and Miss C. Elliot on Monday.

The third of the new series of Crystal Palace Saturday afternoon concerts, last week, included the first appearance here of Madame Minnie Hauk, the American prima donna, who made a great impression by her singing in "Elsa's Dream" from Wagner's "Lohengrin," the "Styrienne" from "Mignon," and the "Habanera" from "Carmen." The concert included the first performance in England of an orchestral interlude from Liszt's oratorio, "Stanislaus"—an adaptation of national Polish airs with varied instrumental effects; more of a patriotic than a religious character. Berlioz's overture, "Le Corsaire," had almost the effect of novelty, not having been given here since 1863. It is in the ultra-romantic style, with strong (not to say violent) contrasts; the skilful instrumentation being its chief merit. Mdlle. Kleeberg's fine pianoforte playing—in Chopin's concerto in E minor and unaccompanied solos—was a feature of the concert.

The Guildhall School of Music, so ably directed by Mr. Weist Hill, gave a concert at the Mansion House last Saturday, when the students displayed great proficiency in the various departments of composition, and vocal and instrumental performances. Prizes were awarded by the Lady Mayoress to many of the pupils.

The second Richter concert of the autumnal series of three took place at St. James's Hall, on Tuesday evening, when the programme consisted of music by Wagner, Liszt, and Brahms.

The second of Herr Peiniger's interesting violin recitals, at Steinway Hall, was announced for Wednesday afternoon; and the first of Mr. Henry Holmes's excellent musical evenings, at Prince's Hall, for the same date.

Miss Carlingford gave a concert at St. James's Hall, on Thursday evening, for the purpose of publicly manifesting the merits of Dr. Moffat's "Ammonia-phone"—the ingenious instrument for the inhalation of an artificial reproduction by chemical means of the pure Italian air, for strengthening and improving the voice of singers and public speakers, and ameliorating or preventing throat ailment, as described by us a few weeks ago.

The Sacred Harmonic Society announced the opening of a new season, at St. James's Hall, for yesterday (Friday) evening, with the first performance in London of Mr. A. C. Mackenzie's new oratorio, "The Rose of Sharon," produced at the recent Norwich Festival, and noticed by us in reference thereto. Of its reception in London we must speak next week.

Wagner's "Parsifal"—his last great work—is to be given by the Royal Albert Hall Choral Society on Monday evening, at the opening concert of the new season. The music is to be rendered in oratorio form, with some necessary omissions. It will be sung to the original German text, with solo singers of that nationality, who have been associated with stage performances of the work at Bayreuth. The last full rehearsal takes place this (Saturday) evening.

A vocal and instrumental concert, at which a large number of distinguished artists took part, was given, by permission of the Chevalier Zuccani, at his residence, 14, Endsleigh-gardens, yesterday (Friday), in aid of the sufferers from the cholera in Italy, and also for the relief of those who have suffered from the terrible cyclone at Catania.

By command of the Queen, Sir Henry Ponsonby has sent a donation of £10 to the London Musical Society on behalf of Princess Beatrice, who has lately become its president.

The financial accounts of the late Festival of the Three Choirs, held at Worcester, show that the receipts amounted to £4904, and the expenditure to £4465, leaving a surplus of £439, after paying all expenses.

THE COURT.

The Queen attended Divine service in Crathie parish church on Sunday forenoon. Her Majesty was accompanied by Princess Beatrice, and attended by the Dowager Duchess of Roxburghe, Lady-in-Waiting. Most of the ladies and gentlemen of the Royal household were also present at the service, which was conducted by the Rev. Colin Campbell, B.D., of St. Mary's parish church, Dundee, who also preached, taking his text from the Book of Judges. There were comparatively few strangers in the church. The weather was fine and mild. The Queen has telegraphed to the Lord Provost of Glasgow that her Majesty is much shocked at the news of the disaster at the Star Theatre, and expressing sympathy with the mourners and the injured.

The Prince of Wales, attended by Captain Stephenson, returned to Marlborough House on Thursday week from visiting Earl Cadogan at Babraham Hall, Cambridge. His Royal Highness was present next morning at a meeting of the members of the Royal Commission on the Housing of the Working Classes, at 8, Richmond-terrace. On Sunday the Prince and Princess and Princesses Victoria and Maud, were present at Divine service. The Prince and Princess left Marlborough House last Tuesday on a visit to Lord and Lady Carrington at Wycombe Abbey, Buckinghamshire. Their Royal Highnesses were received at Wycombe with enthusiastic loyalty, and addresses were presented to them by the Mayor and Corporation and the local lodge of Freemasons.

FASHIONABLE MARRIAGES.

The marriage of Lady Mary Grenville, eldest daughter of the Duke of Buckingham and Chandos, a Lady of the Crown of India, and heiress presumptive to the barony of Kinloss, with Mr. Lewis H. C. Morgan, of the 3rd West York Militia, eldest son of Colonel George Morgan, of Biddlesden Park, Bucks, was celebrated on Tuesday in the parish church of Stowe. The eight bridesmaids were Lady Caroline Grenville, sister of the bride; Miss Caroline and Miss Eva Morgan, the Hon. Edith Brodrick, Miss Gore Langton, Miss J. Harvey, Miss Skrine, and Miss Hadaway. The service was fully choral. His Grace gave his daughter away. The wedding presents were exceedingly numerous. The Prince of Wales sent the bride a gold bracelet set with diamonds, and presented the bridegroom with a handsome diamond union pin.

At St. Stephen's Church, Westminster, on Tuesday afternoon, was celebrated, by special license, the marriage of Mr. George N. S. Sinclair, second son of Sir John Tollemache Sinclair, Bart., M.P., with Margaret, sister of Sir John Sinclair, Bart., of Dunbeath. The bridegroom was attended by Mr. Clarence Sinclair, his eldest brother, as best man; and the bridesmaids were Miss Dunbar, Miss Power, Miss Janet Sinclair, and Miss Miller. The bride was led to the chancel by her brother, Sir John Sinclair, of Dunbeath, who afterwards gave her away. The service was fully choral.

The marriage of Mr. John Travers Lewis, eldest son of the Bishop of Ontario, and Miss Ethel Schreiber, second daughter of Mr. Collingwood Schreiber, of Elmsleigh, Ottawa, was celebrated at Christ Church, Ottawa, Canada, on Oct. 22. Among those present at the church, and subsequently at the breakfast at Elmsleigh, were Lady Macdonald, Sir Alexander Campbell (Minister of Justice) and Miss Campbell, Chief Justice Sir William and Lady Ritchie.

The Royal Commission on Merchant Shipping was gazetted on Tuesday night. The shipowners continue to hold meetings to protest against its constitution.

Baroness Burdett-Coutts on Tuesday opened an institution established for the orphan and fatherless children of teachers, at The Poplars, Peckham-rye.

The Royal Humane Society's medallion has been conferred upon Mr. Charles W. Lyde for saving the life of Miss Constance E. Parsons, at Sidmouth, at Sept. 19.

The Earl of Dufferin was entertained last Saturday evening to a banquet by the Northbrook Indian Club, given in the Westminster Townhall, where Sir Barrow Ellis presided. The Earl leaves on the 13th inst. to assume the Viceroyalty of India.

Returns prepared for the information of the Secretary of State for War show that the average strength of the Army in Ireland last year was nearly £000 less than in 1882, and 2000 less than in 1881.—The return of the Registrar-General states that in the quarter ending Sept. 30 the population of Ireland decreased by 6817; the number of births registered being 29,246, the number of deaths 18,248, and the number of emigrants 17,815.

A meeting was held at the Mansion House yesterday week to hear statements in regard to Mrs. Fisher's homes, &c., for the young women employed in the shops, warehouses, &c., in the City. Mr. George Williams occupied the chair, and in the course of an introductory speech stated that within a quarter of a mile of the Mansion House there were not less than 20,000 young women employed in shops and warehouses. Mrs. Fisher gave an encouraging account of the work, and stated that funds were much needed.

The official volunteer year closed yesterday week, and those volunteers who have not performed the requisite number of drills since Nov. 1 of last year will be returned as non-efficient. The capitation grants last year amounted to £375,000, when the establishment of the force was—Light Horse Artillery and mounted rifles, 46,000; engineers, 10,200; and rifle volunteers, about 193,000. The capitation grant for efficient volunteers is 30s. per head, and a special allowance of 50s. is made for proficient officers and sergeants, and 10s. for officers passing in tactics.

Mr. Rogers (Liberal) was last week elected unopposed as M.P. for the Radnor Boroughs, in room of Mr. Evans Williams (Liberal), resigned; and Mr. Campbell-Bannerman, the newly appointed Chief Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, was on Thursday week re-elected, without opposition, member for the Stirling Burghs. At Scarborough, on Monday, Colonel Steble (Liberal) was elected to represent the borough in borough in Parliament in the room of Mr. Dodson, called to the House of Lords. This makes no change in the balance of parties in the House.

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THE SILENT MEMBER.

The meeting of the House of Lords on Monday for the first time after the brief adjournment was notable for more than one reason. The Duke of Wellington, Lord Clifden, and Lord Petre took the oaths as Peers. Lord Sydney, with habitual courtliness and aplomb, brought up her Majesty's gracious reply to their Lordships' promptly passed Address. And Earl Granville availed himself of the earliest opportunity to throw Ministerial doubt on the trustworthiness of the alarmist report in the *Times* of that morning to the effect that General Gordon had been taken prisoner by the Mahdi, and Khartoum had fallen. The Prince of Wales being in his place on the front cross-bench, the explanation of Lord Granville gained particular point. It had been stated in the *Times* that her Majesty and his Royal Highness had received telegraphic information of the untoward news from the Khedive; but our bland Foreign Secretary was authorised by the Prince and the Queen to say that the report was without foundation.

Earl Granville's reassuring statement evoked Ministerial cheers; but did not satisfy the Marquis of Salisbury. The Leader of the Opposition snapped at the instructions given to Lord Wolseley, who, he gathered, was simply commissioned now to procure the safe retreat of General Gordon from Khartoum, the Egyptian garrisons being left to their fate. But Lord Granville and the Earl of Northbrook, who had just returned from Egypt, had no difficulty in showing that this was an erroneous interpretation of the instructions drawn up by the latter noble Earl for the guidance of Lord Wolseley on his expedition up the Nile. This little discussion ended, their Lordships (who are still waiting on the Commons) adjourned till Thursday.

The purlous diffusiveness of the Commons—or, rather, of an infinitesimal but irrepressible, self-assertive section—has grown into a national scandal and a national injury. No one knows this better than Mr. Gladstone, who, after laying the foundation-stone of the sumptuous new edifice for the National Liberal Club on Tuesday, earnestly said in the course of his eloquent speech,—

For that noble assembly, the first deliberative assembly in the world, is now doomed to see its efficiency impaired and its dignity destroyed by the advantage which its own too generous rules have enabled individuals and sections to take, so that the House itself has become the slave of those individuals and sections, and nothing can relieve it from the slavery except a great and drastic change in the forms of its procedure (Cheers).

It is true the Prime Minister hopefully said, a moment or so later, "But, never mind. There is strength enough in this self-governing country to rectify that and all other mischiefs." Granted! Yet what has been described as the strongest Government of modern times should be powerful enough to set the House in order at once. It would take too long now to define the various causes of the plague of verbosity that afflicts the House. Rigorous compression of speech by the adoption of some such rule as Mr. Henry Labouchere has suggested in *Truth* would incontestably abate the evil, especially if the leading members of the Ministry and of the Opposition would set a wholesome example of brevity. For the rest, Mr. Arthur Peel is so clear-headed, decisive, and impartial a Speaker that a simple code of new rules drawn up by him would in all probability meet the grave exigencies of this critical juncture.

The introduction of the Aston riots into the House of Commons manifestly occasioned great loss of valuable time. The greater part of the sitting on Thursday week was devoted to the duel of words between Lord Randolph Churchill and Mr. Chamberlain. Attacked by the cool and audacious young leader of the "Fourth Party," who actually went so far as to move a vote of censure on Mr. Chamberlain for the use of language, which, he said, provoked a breach of the peace, the President of the Board of Trade was amply justified not only in refuting the charges levelled against him, but in most effectually turning the tables on his assailant by proving that a number of "roughs" had been hired by certain Conservative wire-pullers in Birmingham to maltreat any Liberals attending the Aston Park Conservative demonstration. Still, Mr. Chamberlain's retort would have told with greater effect had he but condensed his speech by one half. As it was, the figures at the division did not turn out to be so victorious as the arguments of Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Gladstone were conclusive. Lord Randolph Churchill's motion was negatived, but only by a majority of 36—i.e., by 214 votes against 178.

The debate on the Address, commenced on the 23rd of October, dragged its slow length along in the House of Commons until Wednesday, the 5th of November. On the 31st ult. the parable of the prodigal was resumed by Mr. MacIver, whose amendment deploring "the depressed condition of commerce and agriculture" did not succeed in seducing Ministers from Free-Trade principles, though it did elicit from Mr. Mundella—who handled facts and figures with the assurance and self-confidence of a Gradgrind—rather too rose-coloured a view of the general welfare of the productive classes in this country. By 86 against 67 votes was Mr. MacIver's motion rejected. Monday saw yet another sitting wasted by a fruitless discussion of Mr. Sexton's amendment insisting on the necessity of reform in the mode of calling juries in Ireland; albeit the debate was so far serviceable that it afforded the Speaker an opportunity of pointedly reminding Mr. Sexton and other unruly members of the irreconcilable Irish Party that he has the power and the will to extinguish obnoxious garrulity. Prolonged till Tuesday's sitting, the needless talk on Mr. Sexton's amendment ended in its defeat by a majority of 106—140 against 34 votes. Whereupon, Mr. Gorst, undeterred by the fact that the South African difficulty had been thoroughly threshed on Wednesday week, modestly intervened with a fresh amendment levelled against the action of the Government in Bechuanaland. Speeches to the point from Mr. Ashley, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, and Mr. Chamberlain, were followed by the withdrawal of Mr. Gorst's amendment; and before the House separated on Tuesday night, the Address was actually agreed to!

Precedence for the Franchise Bill during November was obtained by the Premier on Wednesday, when, after the disposal of Mr. Ashmead Bartlett's amendment for the retention of Khartoum, Mr. F. H. O'Donnell had to be suspended from the service of the House for repeatedly disregarding the authority of the Speaker, whose firmness, I am glad to think, bids, fair to restore order in this chaotic assembly.

Sir John Lubbock, Bart., M.P., opened an industrial exhibition at Bromley on Tuesday.

The Lord Mayor presided on Monday night at the annual distribution of prizes to the successful pupils of the Metropolitan Drawing Classes, at the Guildhall.

A large new school situated in Camberwell, upon a site covering about an acre and a half of land, was formally opened on Monday evening by Sir Edmund Hay Currie.

On Monday the opening meeting of the session of the Royal Institute of British Architects was held at the rooms, 9, Conduit-street, Regent-street, there being a full attendance.

Last Saturday night the new lighthouse which has been erected on New Island, at the entrance to Belfast Lough, was lighted for the first time.



THE NILE EXPEDITION: ARRIVAL OF POST-BOAT AT ASSOUAN.
FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.



"OUR STOWAWAY."—DRAWN BY E. M. COX.

THE AUTUMN EXHIBITIONS.

The Autumn Exhibitions of pictures, British and Foreign, are now opening on all sides; and, however much national pride may suffer from the secondary rank our home-grown products occupy in two at least of the galleries, we can find some comfort in the thought that the study of the works of foreign schools is as useful to our artists as to the picture-loving public.

At Mr. Wallis's French Gallery, in Pall-mall, by a strange perversity, the more striking pictures are by German artists; and amongst these Carl Heffner and Professor Müller occupy the most prominent places. The former, this year, rises to a level he has never before attained in his three large views of the Campagna, to which he has given respectively the titles of "Desolation," "Solitude," and "Repose." The first represents the ruins of the Temple of Jupiter and the mediæval Castle of Ostia rising out of the pestilential lagoon which marks the estuary of the Tiber; the second depicts the group of broken tombs on the Appian Way, where the cypresses, thickly entwined round the broken stones, form a stately funeral pile; whilst for the last the artist has chosen as his subject the magnificent Aqueduct of Claudius, stretching across the plain to the violet mountains of Etruria. In each case Heffner has reproduced with singular skill, almost rising to genius, those aspects of sky and effects of atmosphere by which he has attained notoriety; and he has certainly never before exhibited his powers in this particular line, and within certain obvious limits, more successfully. In the soft suffused light of a cloudless sky, as seen in his rendering of "Solitude," Heffner is without a rival amongst contemporary artists. His "Temple of Venus," a somewhat smaller work, aims at a higher ideal, and it must be admitted that in the lazy swell of the sea, in the low-lying lurid clouds, he conveys the moral of a story which the Bay of Baïæ and its temples might reveal. Of less interest, except perhaps to artists, are the little sketches of Venice, Viareggio, the Tyrol; and brilliant portraits of Italian street-life. Professor Müller belongs to a very different school, and his "Trictrac Players" (23) will add very much to his reputation as the foremost among German artists who have entered into and understood something more than the mere outside of Eastern life. The players and on-lookers are absorbed in the chances of the game; one of the former is holding in his mouth the smoke just inhaled from his cigarette, pausing until he has played his stroke to part with the fragrant sedative; whilst his young antagonist displays more eagerness than one is accustomed to attribute to self-possessed Orientals. The grouping of the picture and the drapery of the figures are alike excellent, whilst the man preparing coffee in the corner gives an unaffected touch of reality to the scene. Of Professor Müller's other contributions the "Study of an Interior" (5) is the gem among half a dozen cabinet works. Of a very different character is Professor Brandt's "Horse Fair in Bessarabia" (109), a wild scene, which cannot fail to suggest reality, a feeling which is wanting from his pupil, B. Kleczinski's work (78)—a hunting scene in Poland. C. Seiler, a German Meissonier, is represented by a minutely finished study of two men busy with a map "Tracking the Route" (129), "Le Monde où l'on s'ennuie" (2), a humorous rendering of a common subject. Amongst the English pictures is an old work by Mr. Frank Holl, "Want" (72), painted about a dozen years ago, when the artist indulged in dark foregrounds and obscure sentiment. In this case, the scene is a pawnbroker's shop; a young woman, with a scantily clad babe under her shawl, is pledging her wedding-ring. Apart from the unpleasant subject and its somewhat forced treatment, the heap of baby's clothes on the counter draws away the attention from the point the artist endeavours to convey. Mr. W. H. Bartlett's "Cornish Drying-Ground" (116) is a clever bit of realistic work, simple in treatment and direct in purpose; and Mr. Leader's two Welsh landscapes are among the best specimens of English art; which, however, is not very strongly represented in the French Gallery.

Mr. McLean, on the other hand, in his exhibition in the Haymarket, is exceptionally fortunate in having three large pictures by Mr. Millais, all representing child-life. The most important, "Little Miss Muffet," is a fair-haired child, in a white dress and bonnet trimmed with blue, seated on a bank; the half-emptied bowl of curds-and-whey is in her lap, and in imminent danger of being upset as she turns hastily away from her unwelcome visitor. The child's expression of dismay is excellent, and it is needless to say that the painting is throughout good. Yet one would fain have seen more life in the little foot, and understood in what position Miss Muffet was sitting to have been frightened by a spider which could scarcely have come to her knowledge. The "Mistletoe Gatherer," is a bigger girl, with black tumbled hair confined under a yellow kerchief. She is resting from her work beside the hedgerow, with a bill-hook in her hand, gazing somewhat vacantly on the snow-covered landscape. The pose—one with which Mr. Millais has on more than one occasion made us familiar, is a trifle lackadaisical, but it suits his present subject, who looks more a real peasant-girl than merely an artist's model. The "Message from the Sea" aims at telling more of a story. A fisher-girl in a dark-blue dress is seated on a rock swinging her bare feet, puzzling out the words of a paper which has been brought to shore in a bottle, of which the fragments are lying beside her. The dull sea and misty sky tell of a storm not long past, and the anxious face of the girl seems to show that she guesses the import of the message she can scarcely decipher. Mr. G. H. Boughton is represented by two works painted at a long interval. In "The Judgment of Wouter van Twiller" (52) the humour is overflowing. A very broad Dutchman smoking a china pipe as he sits in his high-backed chair, is weighing two ponderous ledgers, and deciding thereby the value of Jans' and Pieters' claims and counter-claims, one of whom sits and the other stands beside the judge. It is many years since Mr. Boughton painted scenes from Knickerbocker history; and he would do well to turn in that direction his maturer powers. In this early work the lines are hard and angular, and the light which comes through the window at the back throws into shadow, and therefore conceals, the play of features on which the success of the picture must depend. "Going to Church in New England" (8) is in Mr. Boughton's later style. Mr. E. Long's "Oriental Princess" (15) is cleverly painted, but meaningless; and Mr. Macbeth's "Betrothed" (71) is by no means up to that artist's usual level. Of the foreigners, M. V. Corcos will attract perhaps most attention by his "English Girl in Paris" (20), a very highly-finished young lady in an unimpeachable black walking-dress seated in a balcony overlooking the streets of Paris. As a picture, it is excessively clever, and, it must be added, exceedingly vulgar. Harlanoff, Garrido, Feyen, De Haas, and Van Haanen all send noteworthy but small pictures; whilst amongst our own countrymen Mr. J. Webb, Mr. Orrock, and Mr. J. Hardy are well represented.

At Mr. Tooth's gallery, foreigners are in the ascendant, M. Léon J. Hermitte, M. Van Haanen, and Luis Jimenez disputing the honour of sending the most attractive pictures. The "Mid-day Rest," by M. L. Hermitte (94), is so palpably an attempt to reproduce one of those scenes of peasant life round which M.

Millet threw such a poetic halo, that it is impossible not to compare the two artists, and to feel how far the pupil falls short of the master. The distance which separates them appears even greater in M. L. Hermitte's *salon* work, "La Moisson" (61), which oppresses the spectator by its exaggerations of drawing and sentiment. One turns with pleasure to M. J. P. Langée's simpler efforts in the same school, finding much to admire in his "Village Courtship" (76), and in his son's less ambitious work, "The Firstborn" (10). Señor E. Jimenez is one of those clever Spaniards who owe their position to the success achieved by Fortuny. He can group crowds of well-dressed or even over-dressed ladies and gentlemen in gorgeous galleries, and, as in the "Rehearsal" (89), can even raise some sort of interest in the poet who is reciting before the Queen and her Court his new play. M. Lalyre's "Madonna of the Flowers" (90) is chiefly attractive as an attempt to revive religious painting. M. Van Haanen's "Fortune-Teller" (34) is as vigorous a bit of painting as that painter has ever produced; and the figure of the girl in white satin, attentively watching the cards as they are turned up by the old crone tells its story forcibly. The technical skill displayed is more limited than in some of M. Van Haanen's recent works, and suggests the feeling that such brilliant colouring should not be concentrated in so small a canvas. M. E. De Blaas, M. Galoïre, and M. José Gallegos are all more or less adepts in this school of painting, and are well represented in Mr. Tooth's gallery. A special word should, however, be said for Señor José Benlliure's "Christmas Eve" (103), representing the choir of the Church of Aleira, at Valencia, where the choristers, in their picturesque red and white dresses, are singing their carol to the worshippers in the church, which, as one sees through the *grillage*, is brilliantly lighted in honour of the festival. Sorbi's "Russola" (27) and Tito's "Venetian Market-Place" (13) are episodes of outdoor life of which the artists have caught the spirit; whilst the girl's head by Jaquet entitled "Morning" (67) may rank among the best of the works contributed by purely French artists. In English works, Mr. Tooth's gallery is not strong, the more striking having been already shown at Burlington House or elsewhere. Mr. Pettie's "On Guard" (131) is an Arab sentry, on whom a strong light falls from above, throwing the rest of the picture into deep shadow. Mr. Bridgman's "Halt" (109), Mr. G. B. O'Neill's "Buttercups and Daisies" (86), and Mr. Brett's numerous sea-pieces nevertheless deserve attention.

The exhibition of the Nineteenth Century Art Society shows a very marked improvement upon last year's display. Its interest, however, chiefly lies in the fact that whilst most of its members are little known at present, many of them give promise of good work. Mr. W. H. Trood, who is making a name for himself as a painter of animals, has for the present abandoned dogs and taken up foxes; and Miss S. Beale, who is so well known for her Paris street-scenes, now finds subjects in Venice. Mr. Gotch's "A Penny for Your Thoughts" (70) is one of the best *genre* works in the room, in spite of a certain crudity of colour. Mr. Peppercorn's "Last Load" (179), although it suggests an effect after "Whistlerism," is poetical and at the same time truthful; and Mr. W. Lomas's "Study" (184) has more interest, by reason of its harmonious colouring, than mere Academic studies usually offer to the public. Among the water colours, Mr. T. B. Hardy's "Port of the Zuider Zee" (241), Mr. Hemm's "Thames off Limehouse" (375), Mr. Barraud's carefully-finished "Studies in Belgium and Germany," and Mr. Draper's "Swiss Valley, Jersey" (263) are above the average; whilst among the lady members, Miss Amy Foster's "Scotch Fishing Village" (256) and Miss Edith Pradez's "Roman Wine-Cellar" (282) show what satisfactory results may be obtained by care and perseverance.

"OUR STOWAWAY."

The masters and officers of merchant-ships, and even of great steamers on the ocean lines of mail and passenger traffic, have sometimes been called upon to deal with the case of a surreptitious intruder on board the vessel, who has "stowed himself away" in any hiding-place he could enter during the confusion of departure from the port of embarkation. We have the pleasure of being acquainted with an accomplished and high-spirited lady, now the middle-aged mother of a large family, who tells how she in her girlhood ran away from a harsh boarding-school, got on board a Newcastle packet with hardly a shilling in her purse, quietly waited till the vessel was at sea, then confessed herself unable to pay the fare, and was honourably conveyed to London, where her friends were only too happy to ransom her and receive her at home. This was, in the eye of law and custom, a proceeding almost as irregular as that of the pretty little boy, certainly penniless and too probably friendless, whom our Artist has drawn standing on deck in the custody of good-humoured sailors, after his detection, lurking in a dark corner of the hold, and called on to answer for himself before the Captain, in presence of an amiable company of amused first-class cabin passengers, evidently disposed to intercede for the child. It is not a very heinous crime that he has committed, whether prompted by a wish to escape misery and cruel treatment in the wretched abode of his infancy, or merely by a precocious desire to see the world; and he may have imagined himself already capable of earning his passage by working as an able seaman. The men of the crew, one and all, by the tenderness of their broad grins as they crowd about this queer little chap, are full of sympathy and kindness. They will cheerfully spare, every day of the voyage, a small contribution from each man's rations to feed the "stowaway," and will amuse him with marvellous tough yarns about their adventures all over the globe. He will run errands for all who are kind to him, and will be the favourite of the ship's company and passengers till her arrival at the port of her destination. The lady who is now speaking a gracious word for this little fellow, laying her hand on the Captain's arm and turning an irresistibly charming face towards him—the Captain is afraid to look at her face—will be the object of his childish adoration; for never in his short life before was he regarded with interest by such a beautiful angelic being. What a romance it is for the silly little heart! What floods of grateful tears, what sobs of despair, as he lies under a mat in some empty chest or barrel, in the long sultry night of the tropics, will express the lonely boy's feelings of sorrow that this bright lady is to quit the ship in fifteen days, and that he cannot hope ever to see her again!

Captain Francis M. Prattent, serving as Commodore at Jamaica, has been awarded the good-service pension of £150 a year, vacant by the promotion of Captain Richard Wells to flag rank.

The number of live stock and the quantity of fresh meat landed at Liverpool during the last week of October from the United States and Canada was unusually small, there being no arrivals of sheep—a circumstance which has not occurred for some weeks past—and the total arrivals were the smallest during the month. The collective imports amounted to 535 cattle, 5792 quarters of beef, and 930 carcasses of mutton.

PARISIAN SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Paris, Tuesday, Nov. 4.

To-day the Senators began the debate on the project of electoral reform which is destined to change the whole character of the Upper Chamber. The bill of the Government proposes to suppress the *inamovibles*, or life-senators, and to modify the system of election of ordinary senators in such a way as to make the number of delegates in the electoral colleges proportionate to the number of inhabitants of each commune. The electoral colleges in question are at present composed of deputies, members of the departmental and district councils, and of delegates nominated by the municipal councils, at the rate of one delegate for each municipal council. This ingenious conception caused Gambetta to characterise the Senate as the Grand Council of the Communes of France. The system of proportionality between the number of delegates and the number of inhabitants of each commune will naturally end, according to the proposed scale of progression, in sacrificing the rural communes to the urban communes. Out of the 36,000 communes in France, the 6000 urban communes will elect a number of delegates greatly superior to the number elected by the remaining 30,000 rural communes. As the urban communes are more Republican and Democratic than the rural communes, the Conservative element will run the risk of being utterly swamped at the next Senatorial elections, and in thirty-one out of thirty-six districts the Government will be able to count on the success of its candidates. This purely technical question of the manner of election will be the main point of the debate; and if the Government system triumphs, the Buffets, the Broglies, the Pasquiers, the Jules Simons will be turned out of doors for good and all, and the Senate, while gaining in Republican homogeneity, will probably lose in wisdom and authority.

The cholera continues in the west at Yport and at Nantes. At the former place there have been in all twenty-five cases and twelve deaths. Seven patients are under treatment, and six have been cured. At Nantes on Sunday and Monday there were fifteen deaths. The outbreak of the plague at Nantes remains a mystery. There is, however, no panic, no shutting up of shops and flying from the town. It has been remarked, too, that the patients hitherto have been either drunkards, or weak and old people, or persons in wretched conditions of life.

An extra-Parliamentary commission has been appointed for arranging the principal conditions of the International Universal Exhibition of 1889, and for fixing the spot where it shall be held. M. Antonin Proust is president of this commission.—M. Vaucorbeil, manager of the Grand Opera, died on Sunday, at the age of sixty-three. M. Vaucorbeil's management, which began in 1879, has not been particularly brilliant, either from an artistic or a pecuniary point of view.—A verse translation of "Macbeth," by M. Jules Lacroix, has been revived, with a certain literary success, at the Odéon, Madame Tessandier playing the rôle of Lady Macbeth.—M. Alphonse Daudet, the novelist, writes a dry note to the newspapers announcing that he never has been and never will be a candidate for an arm-chair at the French Academy. The fact is, that the new novel on which M. Daudet is at present working is a cruel analysis and satire of Academic men and Academic intrigues. The candidates for the three vacant seats who have the best chance of being elected are MM. Joseph Bertrand, Victor Duruy (the historian), and Ludovic Halévy, formerly the faithful collaborator of Meilhac in a score Parisian pieces, and at present the celebrated author of the "Abbé Constantin."

T. C.

The general elections to the Second Chamber in Holland have resulted in the election of thirty-seven Liberals and thirty-six Anti-Liberals.

Last week the Emperor, accompanied by the Crown Prince, the Grand Duke Vladimir of Russia, and Princes William, Frederick Charles, and Augustus of Wirtemberg, and a numerous suite, went on a shooting expedition to Hubertusstock.—The new building of the Royal Technical High School, Berlin, was opened on Sunday afternoon, in the presence of the Emperor, the Crown Prince, Prince and Princess William, the members of the Cabinet, the Diplomatic Corps, and a brilliant assemblage of prominent personages.—The Emperor, having slipped and fallen, has relinquished his proposed shooting excursion to Wernigerode, but is transacting State business as usual.—On Thursday week the German squadron, consisting of four corvettes, sailed from Wilhelmshaven for the West African station.—Germany has invited the Powers to meet on the 15th inst., in conference on the Congo question.—Gustav Reichardt, one of the most popular song-writers of Germany, died recently, in his eighty-seventh year; and General Ferdinand von Benthim, a distinguished officer of the Prussian Army, in his seventy-sixth year.

The Emperor and Empress of Russia and the members of the Diplomatic body were present, on Tuesday, at the launch of the large ironclad corvette Vitjas.

The Russian Ambassador and the full Staff of the Embassy were received in solemn audience by the Sultan at Constantinople on Monday, in order to present to his Majesty the insignia of the Order of St. Andrew. The ceremony was followed by a gala dinner at Yildiz.

Nothing definite as to the Presidential Election in America was known here at the time of going to press with our early edition, but the general opinion seemed to be that Governor Cleveland will be elected. At the Washington Prime Meridian Conference, which closed last Saturday, protocols were approved, which will be made the basis of an international convention, fixing Greenwich as the prime meridian.—The formal opening of the World's Exhibition in New Orleans has been postponed until the 16th proximo. Applications for space will be received until the 25th inst., and exhibits until Dec. 10.—At a political meeting in the parish of New Iberia, Louisiana, a serious riot occurred between Democrats and Republicans, during which two white men and several negroes were killed and many other persons wounded.

The Governor-General of Canada and the Marchioness of Lansdowne have returned to Ottawa from St. John's, New Brunswick.—Rear-Admiral Baird, the newly-appointed Commander-in-Chief of the Pacific station, assumed command at Victoria, British Columbia, on Tuesday.

The Legislative Assembly of New South Wales has voted the previous question on a motion to ratify the resolutions passed by the Intercolonial Convention last December. Practically, New South Wales thus refuses its concurrence for the present with the project of Australasian confederation. The Parliament was prorogued last Saturday, after a twelvemonth's Session, which has been unprecedented for the number and importance of the measures passed. Lord Loftus, the Governor, stated that during the Session 300 miles of new railway lines had been opened, making in all more than 1600 miles now open for traffic, and that nearly 400 miles were in course of construction, besides 1278 miles authorised by Parliament. The revenue of the colony is flourishing.

Lord Northbrook arrived in England on Sunday.

The members of the St. Bernard Club gave their third annual dinner on Wednesday at Limmer's Hotel, Conduit-street.

THE MAGAZINES FOR NOVEMBER.

It is not difficult to write a good story if one is allowed to adapt a masterpiece of fiction by devising a slightly modified situation for a personage already endeared to all readers of novels. In the present number of the *Cornhill*, Colonel Newcombe masquerades as Major Cornelius, and, the little romance of the old great coat being quite in keeping with the character, an effect is obtained altogether disproportionate to the writer's power of invention. "Stepniak's" moving history of the tribulations of a female Nihilist convict in Siberia is well adapted, as it is no doubt intended, to excite a spurious sympathy with political offenders. If young ladies will insist on conspiring against the Government, the Government must send them to Siberia in self-defence; and it is neither expected nor intended that their lot there should be a comfortable one. That much gratuitous brutality is perpetrated in Siberia as in other convict settlements is only too probable, but jailers cannot be models for mankind. "Examiners and Candidates" is an amusing record from the experience of a member of the former class. In the "Talk of the Town" young Erin brings matters to a point by undertaking to make the town, as well as his father, swallow a newly discovered play by Shakspeare.

The most remarkable feature in the *English Illustrated Magazine* is the affluent fancy of Mr. Walter Crane's elaborate border to some graceful lines entitled "Thoughts in a Ham-mock." Miss Robinson's study on the Malatestas of Rimini, typical figures of the Renaissance, is illustrated with charming sketches by Mr. Pennell, an American artist. "Baby Linguistics," by Mr. James Sully, is a valuable contribution to psychology. Mr. Conway's "Family Affair" is, so far, a very quiet story; but Mr. Norris's "That Terrible Man" tantalises with seductive mystery.

The *Fortnightly Review* has a varied bill of fare, including many interesting subjects; but there is no great originality in the treatment of any of them. Mr. Venables and Mr. Keibel have little to tell us about Mr. Carlyle and Mr. Croker that we could not have discovered for ourselves in their respective biographies; and Professor Jebb merely goes over old ground, however agreeably, in his disquisition upon the representatives of the modern newspaper and review in classical times. Mr. Blunt displays at last a bright side to his generally gloomy picture of India in the attempts now making to elevate Mohammedan education; Mr. Waring looks forward to the time when working-men shall be partners with their employers; and Mr. Healy apologises by anticipation for the Irish members' contemplated desertion of the Government on the Franchise Bill.

Professor Seeley's thoughtful and luminous essays on Goethe in the *Contemporary Review* are concluded; and M. De Laveleye commences a new series of articles on the present condition of Austria, agreeably divided between politics and travel. Sir E. J. Reed contributes his share to the discussion on the condition of the Navy by an earnest plea for completely armoured ships. Professor Freeman treats of the condition of Greek cities under Roman rule, their theoretical freedom in municipal matters, and its serious limitations in practice. In a very thoughtful paper, Professor Bryce considers the expediency of a Second Chamber, and, arriving at an affirmative conclusion, urges the wisdom of creating "a stable senate" while there is yet time.

The *National Review* is chiefly remarkable for articles on topics of the day. Mr. W. H. Smith clearly points out the deficiencies of the Navy, but does not explain why he himself did so little to remedy them while he was at the Admiralty. M. Vambéry communicates much interesting information on a subject of which the British public knows very little, the Russo-Afghan Boundary Commission. Mr. C. Moberly Bell tells over again the humiliating history of our management of Egyptian finance.

The current number of *Harper* sees the conclusion of Mr. Black's "Judith Shakespeare," and contains two admirably illustrated papers—one on Columbia College, New York, with very fine portraits of past principals and professors, and another on Sydney Smith. "The Acadian Tragedy," one of Francis Parkman's studies in American history, is a very interesting account of the deportation of the French settlers from Acadia in 1755, a severe but necessary measure. The *Century* commences its great series of descriptions of the battles of the civil war, by the Generals who commanded or took a leading part in them, with General Beauregard's history of the battle of Bull Run. It is somewhat technical, as the military writings of experts are apt to be, but is elucidated by copious illustrations. The General's old grievances against President Davis are not forgotten. "The Chinese Theatre" contains an analysis of some Chinese dramatic representations, with engravings of make-ups of marvellous grotesqueness. The extracts of Charles Reade's letters to Mr. Fields chiefly relate to business. The opening of Mr. Howells's "Silas Lapham" promises exceedingly well; but the gem of the number is, without doubt, the selection from Mr. Vedder's deep and mystical illustrations of the ambiguous utterances of the Persian astronomer poet, Omar Khayyam.

The *Atlantic Monthly* has an analysis, by Miss H. W. Preston, of "Nerto," the last epic of the great Provençal poet, Mistral, with some exceedingly spirited translations. "Stephen Dewhurst," an autobiographic fragment by Mr. Henry James's father, is highly characteristic of this original and mystical thinker.

The *Gentleman's Magazine* has two excellent papers, Mr. Olding's annotated catalogue of authors who have suppressed their own books, and Mr. W. H. Hudson's delightful description of loafing in Patagonia. The most interesting of Dr. Charles Mackay's reminiscences relate to the gifted and eccentric sculptor, Patrick Park. *Belgravia*, as usual, has some very good short stories. Charles Reade's "Perilous Secret" is continued in *Temple Bar*, which has also a criticism on Canon Liddon's preaching, and biographical articles on Canning, Brougham, and Mrs. Montague.

Other Magazines will be noticed next week.

Mr. Ruskin, Slade Professor of Fine Art in the University of Oxford, gave last Saturday the third of his series of lectures on the Pleasures of England, the subject of the address being "Alfred to Cœur de Lion—the Pleasures of Deed." A crowded audience, as usual, gave the Professor an enthusiastic reception.

Mr. Gladstone laid the foundation-stone of the new building of the National Liberal Club last Tuesday, on the site between Northumberland-avenue and Whitehall-place, in the presence of a numerous and influential company. The Earl of Derby presided, and stated that the club has between 4000 and 5000 members. Mr. Gladstone, having laid the stone, contrasted the present position of the Liberal party with what it had been before the Reform Bill of 1832 was passed. He also alluded to the unprecedented delay now being caused to legislation by taking advantage of the rules of Parliamentary procedure. Earl Granville, the Marquis of Hartington, Mr. Chamberlain, Sir W. Harcourt, and Sir C. Dilke also addressed the meeting. An address from the working men engaged on the building was presented to the Premier.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications relating to this department of the Paper should be addressed to the Editor, and have the word "Chess" written on the envelope.

F G N (Oxford).—Assuming your description of Mr. Blackburne's problem to be correct, White cannot take as you propose. After the moves, 1. P to B 4th (ch). Kt takes P; 2. Kt takes Kt, Black plays 2. K to B 4th; and there is no mate on the third move.

E H K (Brockley).—We are obliged for the amended diagram, and the problem shall be carefully examined. White, however, appears to have a strong attack in 1. B (from Q B 8th) takes Kt.

C E T (Clifton).—Please to look at No. 8 again. Suppose 1. Kt to Q 3rd, K to Q 7th (best); 2. Q to B 2nd (ch), K takes Kt; 3. Q mates.

B H C (Salisbury).—Your last came to hand after the publication of the solution.

J S (Inverness).—After your first move, if Black play 1. K to Q B 3rd, how do you propose to mate on the move?

H A L S.—We know nothing of the movements of the player named in your letter.

C F (Tooting).—The first batch of solutions are correct, of course, but they came to hand too late for acknowledgement in the usual place.

T B S (Warwick-street).—The rule is very simple. A player may "castle" provided neither the King nor the Rook has been moved. It matters not how often the King may have been "checked."

O H (Málaga).—Remember we cannot all be masters. Some of our friends found No. 2117, not perhaps too difficult, but difficult enough.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2115 received from F E Gibbins (Tiflis) and C Delton (Tiflis); of No. 2116 from R Watters (Canterbury), Oscar Hartmann (Malaga), and W E Manly (Tenterden); of No. 2117 from E Gregoir (Paris), B Watters, R G E Nicholls, W Harris, B H C (Salisbury), F Pine, jun., George Groves, W E Manly, and Oscar Hartmann; of O Dahl's problem, from H H Noyes, L L Greenaway, Plevna, S Lowndes, An Old Hand, G W Law, Hereward, W J Rudman, L Sharwood, Ernest Sharwood, R T Kemp, A Harper, E Loudon, H K Awdry, H Wardell, and J R (Edinburgh).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2118 received from George Jockey, J T W John Hodgson (Maidstone), H H Noyes, E Casella (Paris), L L Greenaway, E J Cobbett, Plevna, S Lowndes, An Old Hand, G W Law, Hereward, W J Rudman, L Sharwood, Ernest Sharwood, R T Kemp, H A L S, J K (South Hampstead), Carl Friedleben, Aaron Harper, Shadforth, Jumbo, H Wardell, R H Brooks, L Falcon (Antwerp), E E H, S Parant, H Blacklock, Jupiter Junior, A W Scrutton, G S Oldfield, W Dewse, C Oswald, A Karberg (Hamburg), D W Kell, M G Haloran, E Loudon, G Fosbrooke, L Wyman, R Gray, C Barragh, H Lucas, A M Porter, S Bullen, T H Holdron, Joseph Ainsworth, E J Posno (Harclem), F M (Edinburgh), S Jenkinson (Richmond), F F R S, N S Harris, Domo (Drington), R L Southwell, Ben Nevis, T G (Vareo), C W Milson, Rev W Anderson (Oad Romney), New Forest, Alpha, R Watters (Canterbury), and C B N (H.M.S. Asia).

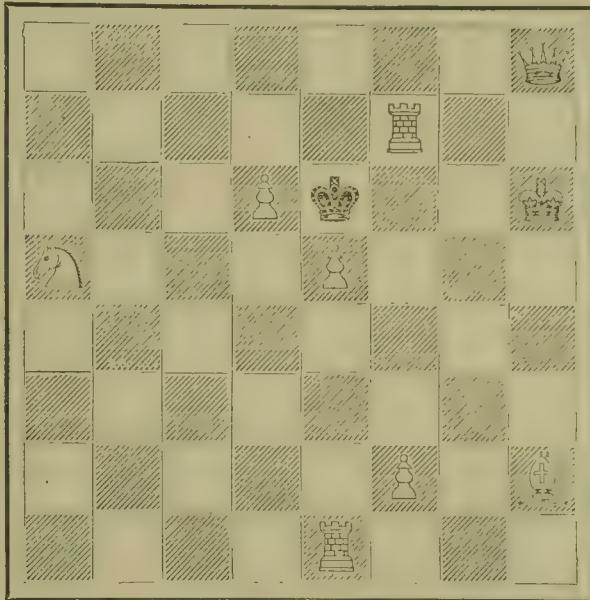
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2117.

WHITE. BLACK.
1. Kt to Q 4th. K to Q 5th, or P to B 7th
2. Kt to Q B 4th. K takes P
3. Kt to Kt 5th. Mate.
The variations are obvious.

PROBLEM No. 2120.

By J. CHOCOLOUS.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

Played in the Handicap Tournament at the Bath meeting of the Counties Chess Association between the Rev. W. WAYTE and the Rev. G. A. MacDONNELL. (Sicilian Defence.)

WHITE (Mr. W.)	BLACK (Mr. M.)	WHITE (Mr. W.)	BLACK (Mr. M.)
1. P to K 4th	P to Q B 4th	16. B to B 7th	Kt to Kt 3rd
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd	17. Castles (Q R)	P to Q 4th
3. Kt to B 3rd	P to K 3rd	A well-timed move, which gives Black an immediate advantage.	
4. P to K 4th	P takes P	18. K R to K sq	P takes P
5. Kt takes P	B to Kt 5th	19. B to Q 3rd	P to K B 4th
6. Kt takes Kt	Kt P takes Kt	20. B to B 4th (ch)	B to K 3rd
7. Q to Q 4th	B takes Kt	21. B takes B	R takes B
8. Q takes B	P to K B 3rd	22. R to Q 7th	P to K 6th
9. B to K B 4th	Kt to K 2nd	23. P takes P	P takes P
10. B to Q 6th	K to B 2nd	24. P to K Kt 3rd	P to R 5th
11. B to K 2nd	R to K sq	25. R to Q 8th (ch)	R takes R
12. Q to Q 2nd	K to Kt sq	26. B takes R	Kt to K 2nd
13. Q to K B 4th	P to Q R 4th	27. P to B 4th	P to Kt 4th
14. B to B 7th	P to K 4th	28. B to B 7th	Kt to Kt 3rd
15. B takes Q	P takes Q		

Black in a few moves forced the advance of the K P and K B P, winning the game.

As some of our correspondents appear disposed to tackle a four-move problem now and then, we present them with the following "nut," which we found a hard one to crack. It is the composition of Herr Rudolf Koepfer:—

White: K at K 6th, Q at K B 5th, Kt at Q R 3rd. (Three pieces.)
Black: K at Q B 3rd, Pawns at Q Kt 3rd and Q R 3rd. (Three pieces.)
White to play, and mate in four moves.

M. Rosenthal, the distinguished Parisian chessplayer, visited Manchester on the 24th ult., and in the evening engaged twenty-four members of the Manchester Chess Club simultaneously, winning sixteen games, drawing two, and losing three. Three games were abandoned unfinished, owing to the lateness of the hour. On the following evening M. Rosenthal played twenty games simultaneously at the Athenæum, of which number he won thirteen, drew four, and lost three. The *Manchester Weekly Post* observes that M. Rosenthal was much impressed with the ability of the Manchester amateurs, and that on his return to Paris he intends to publish some of the games in the *Monde Illustré*.

A match between the Athenæum and Bermondsey Chess Clubs was played on the 28th ult. There were eight players a side, and the play resulted in Bermondsey scoring four, Athenæum three; and one unfinished game was referred to Mr. Hoffer for adjudication.

The Clubs of Greenwich and Brixton played a match at 107, Cannon-street on the 30th ult. There were eight players a side, and in the result Greenwich won with a score of 4½ to 3½.

The following gentlemen have been added to the roll of honorary members of the City of London Chess Club:—Baron Kolisch of Vienna, Mr. R. Steel of Calcutta, M. Rosenthal of Paris, Herr Winawer of Warsaw, Herr Englisch of Vienna, M. Tschigorin of St. Petersburg, and the well-known Hungarian amateur Dr. Noa.

With the close of the International Health Exhibition on Thursday week it was stated that the total number of visitors registered by the turnstiles was 4,167,681.

Mr. Vere Foster, of Belfast, has received from the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland a cheque for £20 towards his scheme for assisting female emigration.

The fourth annual dairy show of the Royal Dublin Society was held last week at the society's premises, Ball's Bridge. The show was the largest ever held there. There was an excellent show of dairy cattle. Poultry, rabbits, and pigeons occupied a large portion of the catalogue. On Wednesday, the opening day, the Lord Lieutenant and Countess Spencer visited the show, and spent a couple of hours in inspecting the exhibits and in witnessing the butter contests. The champion prize for the best butter in the several classes was awarded to Mr. Alexander Patterson, of Dromore, in the county of Tyrone.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Dec. 14, 1878) of the Right Hon. Elizabeth Frances Charlotte, Dowager Marchioness of Londonderry, late of No. 25, Upper Brook-street, Grosvenor-square, who died on Sept. 2 last, was proved on the 10th ult. by the Right Hon. Mervyn Edward, Viscount Powerscourt, K.P., the son, the sole executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £41,000. The testatrix gives and bequeaths all her property, estate, and effects whatsoever and wheresoever, to her said son, absolutely.

The will (dated June 5, 1880), with two codicils (dated July 1, 1882, and Sept. 3, 1883), of the Hon. Mrs. Eleanor Wilkie Needham, late of the Chalet, Lindfield, Sussex, and of No. 37, Thurloe-square, who died on May 26 last, has been proved by the Right Hon. Florence Wallace, Viscountess Harberton, the daughter, the sole executrix, the value of the personal estate exceeding £6900. The testatrix gives legacies to her companion, servants, and others; and the residue of her property to her said daughter.

The will (dated July 25, 1879) of Mr. Graham Moore Robertson, late of No. 21, Cleveland-square, Hyde Park, who died on Sept. 8 last, at Holmwood Park, Dorking, was proved on the 13th ult. by John Matheson Macdonald, Mrs. Maris Robertson, the widow, Frederick Greator, and Thomas William Meates, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £177,000. The testator gives pecuniary legacies amounting together to £11,000, and all his furniture, plate, pictures, books, wines, household effects, horses and carriages, to his wife; an annuity of £100 and the income of his real estate in Scotland to his sister, Margaret Mary Robertson, for life;—£250 each to St. Mary's Hospital, Paddington; the London Hospital, Whitechapel; and the Hospital for Sick Children, Great Ormond-street, Bloomsbury;—£250 to his wife, to be distributed by her among the poor, or such charitable purposes as she may think fit; and numerous other legacies, including some to his trustees and servants. His residences in Cleveland-square and Adelaide-crescent, Brighton, he leaves to his wife, for life, or so long as she shall remain his widow and be desirous of occupying same; and a sum of £30,000 (in the event of her marriage again, £15,000) is to be held, upon trust, for his wife, for life. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his son, Graham Walford Robertson, absolutely.

The Scotch Confirmation, under seal of office of the Commissariat of Perthshire, signed Sept. 27, 1884, of the disposition and settlement (executed Oct. 17, 1868) of Mr. Thomas Greig, of Glencarse, in the county of Perth, who died on July 23 last, granted to Thomas Watson Greig, the son, the executor nominate, was sealed in London on the 8th ult., the value of the personal estate in England and Scotland amounting to upwards of £48,000.

The will (dated Dec. 14, 1882), with a codicil (dated Aug. 5, 1884), of Mr. John William Ede, formerly of Upper Harley-street, afterwards of Brighton, and late of Ranelagh House, Lower Grosvenor-place, who died on Sept. 19 last, was proved on the 10th ult. by Cecil James Stephens, the sole executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £45,000. The testator leaves £5000, his leasehold residence, and all his pictures, furniture, and effects not specifically bequeathed, horses and carriages, to the said Cecil James Stephens; and numerous legacies to relatives, friends, and servants. The income of the residue of his real and personal estate is to be paid to his sisters, Mrs. Louisa Ogilvie, Charlotte Lady Lee, and Mrs. Harriet Seymour, and to Cecil James Stephens, and on the death of the survivor of his said sisters he gives £20,000 to his executor, if then living; and the ultimate residue to his nephews, Hugh Alexander Douglas and James Wescomb Douglas, and his niece, the Baroness Faverot de Kerbreck.

The Scotch Confirmation, under seal of office of the Commissariat of Fife, of the mutual disposition and settlement (dated Aug. 17, 1883) of Mr. Henry Bardner, solicitor, Dunfermline, in the county of Fife, who died on June 8 last, granted to Mrs. Christian Wardlaw, or Bardner, the sole executor nominate, was sealed in London on the 11th ult., the value of the personal estate in England and Scotland amounting to over £40,000.

The will (dated Nov. 23, 1881), with two codicils (dated Jan. 23 and July 31, 1883), of the Rev. William Charles Raffles Flint, late of Sunningdale, Berks, who died on Aug. 29 last, was proved on the 16th ult. by the Rev. Stamford Raffles Flint, the son, Henry Hales Pleydell Bouverie, and Nathaniel Bridges, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £26,000. The testator gives his leasehold estate at Singapore to his said son, charged with the payment of £10,000 in aid of his residuary estate, and the interest of this sum is to be paid to his second son, Edward Montague, for life; he bequeaths all his furniture, jewellery, plate, paintings, horses and carriages, to his eldest son, the said Stamford Raffles; and makes provision for his daughter, Gertrude Elizabeth. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to all his children, except his eldest son and his said daughter, in equal shares.

The will (dated Feb. 5, 1868) of Mrs. Elizabeth Chaplin, late of Oakmount, Portwood, in the county of Southampton, who died on Sept. 1 last, was proved on the 13th ult. by William Wright Barth, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £17,000. The testatrix leaves legacies to Mr. Barth, and to her late husband's relatives; and the residue of her property to Richard Parsons Chaplin, the nephew of her late husband. As Mr. R. P. Chaplin died in testatrix's lifetime, the residue of her property is divisible between her next of kin.

The State apartments of Windsor Castle are closed until further orders.

The Queen has conferred the dignity of Baronies of the United Kingdom upon the Earl of Arran, Viscount de Vesci, Lord Herries, the Right Hon. J. G. Dodson, and Sir W. James, Bart. Mr. Dodson is gazetted a Peer by the title of Baron Monk Bretton; while Sir W. James's title is Baron Northbourne.

Further correspondence respecting the affairs of Madagascar has been issued in sixty-two pages, containing some seventy despatches, with inclosures ranging from Jan. 19 to Sept. 29. In a despatch received Feb. 18 is an account of the bombardment and burning of the village of Vohemar, on the north-east coast, by which the property of eight British subjects was destroyed, and they were compelled to take shelter on board the French gun-boat, which took them to Tamatave. The French Government, with regard to this affair, suggest that the injuries suffered by these men are due to the obstacles placed by the Hovas in the way of the free circulation of Europeans. Consul Graves has also had to represent the loss to a number of British subjects occasioned by the Hovas having prohibited the export of food. Thus the cultivators of sugar and coffee can find no market for their produce. The Government of Madagascar, on being appealed to, lay the blame on the French, who by making war have obliged them to take care that provisions shall not leave the country.



BONGHA, ON THE COAST OF SUMATRA, WHERE THE NISERO WAS WRECKED, NOV. 8, 1883.



SANDY ISLAND, WHERE THE CREW LIVED IN DETENTION.



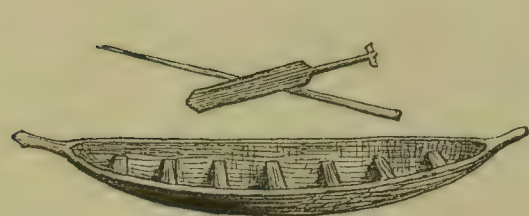
SHED INHABITED BY THE CAPTIVES.



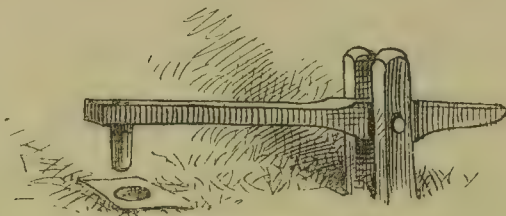
CEMETERY OF THE SEVEN WHO DIED.



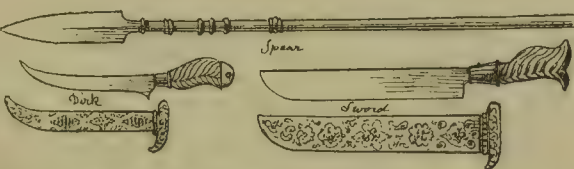
WRECK OF THE NISERO, AS SEEN TEN MONTHS AFTER SHE GOT ASHORE.



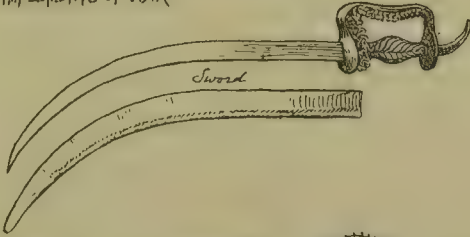
NATIVE CANOE, STICK, AND PADDLE.



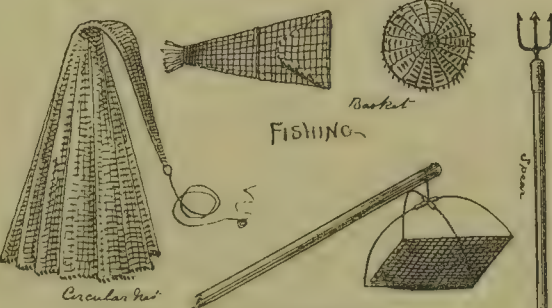
INSTRUMENT FOR CRUSHING PADDY.



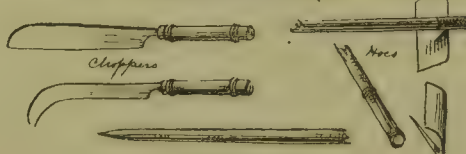
IMPLEMENTS OF WAR



FISHING



& AGRICULTURE



NATIVE IMPLEMENTS.



INVALIDS OF THE NISERO CREW IN THE HOSPITAL AT PENANG.

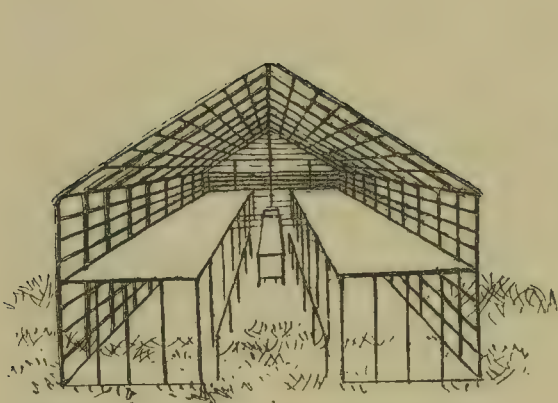
THE CAPTIVITY OF THE NISERO CREW IN SUMATRA.



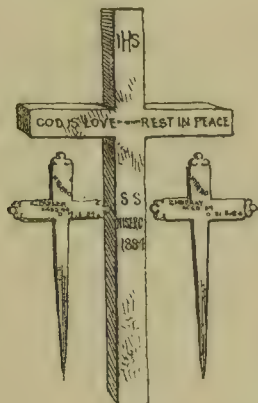
PENANG, IN THE STRAITS OF MALACCA.



CHIEF OF BONGA.



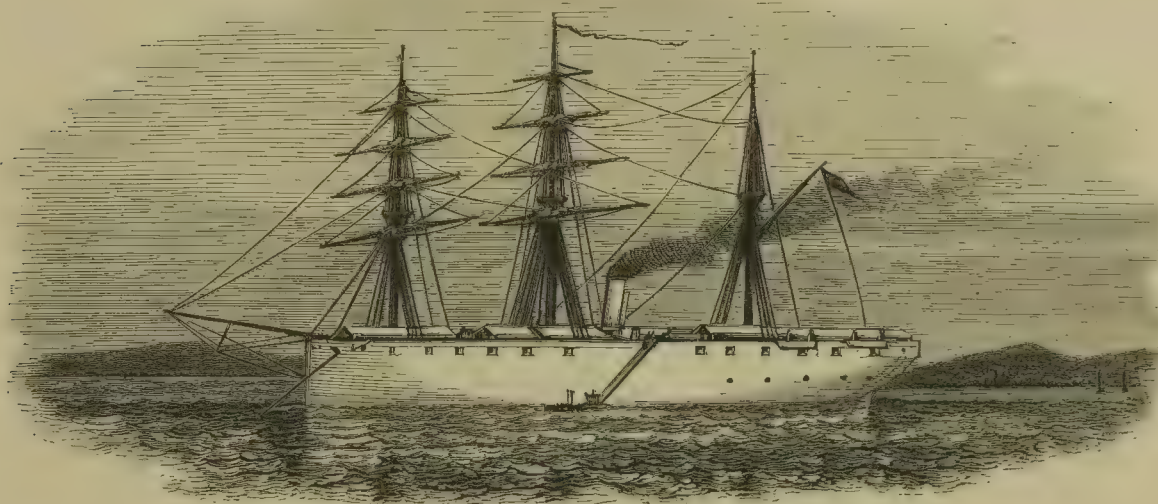
INTERIOR OF HUT, WITH FRAMES OF SLEEPING BUNKS.



MONUMENTS OF THOSE WHO DIED.



THE GENERAL HOSPITAL AT PENANG.



H.M.S. PEGASUS, WHICH BROUGHT THE CREW OF THE NISERO TO PENANG.



BATAS, NATIVES OF THE INTERIOR.



1. James Grant, donkey-man. 2. Martin Michelson, seaman. 3. Laurence Muller, boatswain. 4. Ah Foo, second Chinese cook. 5. Franz Jacobson, seaman. 6. James Wilson, chief engineer. 7. Charles S. Crichton, chief officer. 8. J. Thompson, purchaser. 9. W. Bradley, third engineer. 10. Thomas Budd, third officer. 11. L. K. Moore, second officer. 12. John Stanton, fireman. 13. Carl Gronn, seaman. 14. Hametar Haar, seaman. 15. George Essery, first steward. 16. John Kelly, fireman. 17. Olaus Holgersen, seaman. The photograph of an Italian, named Guatino Tasserio (seaman), could not be taken, owing to his illness.

THE SURVIVING CREW OF THE NISERO.

THE CAPTIVITY OF THE NISERO CREW IN SUMATRA.

THE CHURCH.

The Duke of Devonshire has given £50 towards the fund for restoring Keighley church, which has been re-opened.

The Bishop of Bedford has become a vice-president of the Bethnal-green Free Library.

The dedication festival at All Saints', Margaret-street, last Saturday, was attended by large congregations.

The Bishop of Chichester has signified his intention to consecrate Christ Church, St. Leonard's-on-Sea, on Thursday, the 20 inst., instead of on the 6th inst., as before announced.

The Bishop of Chester consecrated the Hillyard Memorial Church, at Nantwich, last week, and afterwards consecrated an addition to the old burial ground.

The fifth meeting of the York Diocesan Conference opened in the Victoria Hall, at York, on Wednesday week. The Archbishop of York presided.

The Rev. J. B. West, Vicar of Wreby, has been appointed by the Bishop of Lincoln to the prebendal stall of Heydon-with-Walton, in Lincoln Cathedral.

The church of Duxford, St. Peter, near Cambridge, was re-opened, after a complete restoration, on the 28th ult. The work has cost about £2000, towards which sum the Rector, the Rev. H. J. Carter, contributed £500.

The Dean of Westminster begins to-day (Saturday) a course of ten lectures on the Book of Ecclesiastes. The lectures will be given in the choir of the Abbey at 3.45 p.m. on successive Saturdays, omitting Dec. 27.

The preachers appointed at Her Majesty's Chapel Royal, St. James's, this month, are—Nov. 9th, the Rev. W. H. Bliss; 16th, the Rev. T. Teigumouth Shore; 23rd, the Rev. Prebendary Kempe; 30th, the Hon. and Rev. G. W. Bourke.

The Archbishop of Canterbury has consented to preach a sermon at a special service to be held in St. Paul's Cathedral on Friday, the 14th inst., at eleven a.m., in commemoration of the hundredth anniversary of the consecration of Bishop Seabury, the first Bishop in the United States.

The quadrennial visitation of the Bishop of London, postponed from last year owing to his illness, has been held in St. Paul's Cathedral this week. It was commenced on Monday morning by a celebration of the Holy Communion, at which the Bishop was the celebrant.

In closing the Diocesan Conference yesterday week, the Bishop of Truro said that the future of the Church of England as a National Church was hidden from our eyes, but in his own name, as president of the Conference, he desired to give utterance to the longing of their hearts for union.

The preacher at Westminster Abbey next Sunday (tomorrow) morning will be the Rev. E. H. Bickersteth, Vicar of Christchurch, Hampstead, not the Rev. Llewellyn Davies, as previously announced. Archdeacon Farrar being the Canon in Residence during this month, will consequently occupy the pulpit on the Sunday afternoons.

On All Saints' Day the Church of St. Mark, Tollington Park, Holloway, was reopened, after enlargement by the addition of two new aisles. A satisfactory system of ventilation has been introduced by the architect, Mr. F. R. Farrow, of Craven-street, Strand, and a great improvement has been effected in the acoustical properties of the church.

An exhibition of dogs which was opened at Hull on Tuesday contained 530 English animals, comprising most of the noted animals in the kingdom.

Messrs. Peek, Frean, and Co. have received a gold medal for their biscuits and cakes, and a silver medal for their patent method of conserving biscuits for export.

OBITUARY.

VISCOUNTESS SHERBROOKE.

The Right Hon. Georgiana Viscountess Sherbrooke died on the 3rd inst., at Lowndes-square, London. Her Ladyship was second daughter of Mr. George Orred, of Trammere, in the county of Chester, and was married, March, 1836, to the Right Hon. Robert Lowe, who, after filling some of the highest offices of Government, was created, May 25, 1880, Viscount Sherbrooke. There was no issue of the marriage.

MR. BECKETT DENISON.

Mr. Christopher Beckett Denison, J.P. and D.L., formerly M.P., died suddenly on the 30th ult. He was second son of Sir Edmund Beckett, fourth Baronet, who assumed, in 1816, the additional surname of Denison. Mr. C. B. Denison, whose death we record, was born May 9, 1825, and was educated at Uppingham and Haileybury. He was for many years in the Bengal Civil Service, and was attached to Outram as civil commissioner throughout the final siege of Lucknow. In 1865 he unsuccessfully contested the South Division W.R. Yorkshire, and was returned in 1868 in the Conservative interest for the Eastern Division W.R. Yorkshire, which he continued to represent until 1880. Mr. C. B. Denison was a well-known connoisseur, and his collection of china is said to be one of the finest in the kingdom.

MR. HARTLEY, OF WHEATON ASTON.

Mr. John Hartley, of Wheaton Aston, in the county of Stafford, J.P. and D.L., died at his seat, Tong Castle, near Shifnal, on the 31st ult. He was born Feb. 11, 1813, a younger son of the late Mr. John Hartley, and was brother of Mr. James Hartley, of Ashbrooke, in the county of Durham, late M.P. for Sunderland. Mr. John Hartley was long known in the commercial world as the senior partner in the old Staffordshire firm of G. B. Thorneycroft and Co., and in 1867 held the position of chairman of the South Staffordshire Iron Trade. He was also for many years a director of the London and North-Western Railway Company, and served as High Sheriff of Staffordshire in 1870. He married, in 1839, Emma, second daughter of Mr. G. B. Thorneycroft, of Hadley Park, Salop, by whom he leaves issue.

We have also to record the deaths of—

The Rev. Alexander Anderson, M.A., LL.D., founder and head of Chanoury House School, Old Aberdeen, and somewhat known as a controversial writer, on the 25th ult.

The Rev. Edward Truman, Vicar of North Grimston, Malton, and Vicar of Langtoft-with-Cotham, near Hull, on the 4th inst., eighty-one years of age. He had held the living of Grimston for fifty-seven years.

Mr. Edward Maxwell Grant, formerly *Times* correspondent in Servia, and afterwards in the Turco-Russian campaign, subsequently American Consul in Belgrade, where he died, on the 21st ult., aged forty-five.

Mr. Parsons Crofton, last surviving son of Sir Hugh Crofton, second Baronet, of Mohill, in the county of Leitrim, suddenly, in London, on the 23rd ult., aged seventy-seven. He married, in 1831, Anne Palmer, daughter of Mr. Edward Westby, of High Park, Wicklow, and leaves issue.

The Rev. Richard Anderson, of Aiskew House, Bedale, Yorkshire, supposed to be the oldest clergyman in the Church of England, on the 24th ult., in his ninety-third year. He graduated at Lincoln College, Oxford, and was ordained in 1815. For sixty-five years after, he officiated as Curate at Childwall and as Vicar of Burneston. Excellent as a clergyman, he will be long remembered for his prowess in the hunting-field, and was the last survivor of the celebrated trio of hard-riding Yorkshire parsons commemorated by "Nimrod."

CITY ECHOES.

Wednesday, Nov. 5.

The expected rise in the Bank rate to 4 per cent was made, and so desirous is the Bank of England of making the new standard act sharply on the exchanges, that means have been taken to reduce the resources of the open market so as to strengthen the rates in the most competitive quarters; and as this is being written it may be said that the Bank standard generally prevails. This is due, however, more to fears that the Bank rate will need to be raised to 5 per cent to cope with the drain of gold to America. Opinion on this point advances and recedes from day to day, just as experience suggests, but no surprise need be felt if by the time these words are read the Bank rate should be 5 per cent.

In the meantime, the stock markets continue subject to the influences invariably flowing from a sudden advance in the value of money. Hence, Indian and other first class stocks are not now in demand, and some further relapse has taken place in prices. It is a feature of quite an opposite character that several groups of foreign bonds are rising in value. Egyptian are much better, in connection with anticipation of Lord Northbrook's report, and Turkish have advanced in connection with the notification from the Imperial Ottoman Bank as to the conversion of some of the issues. Russian are also much firmer, and Hungarian meet with demand, while Spanish bonds are offered. Of the several classes of South American bonds Peruvian are in more favour, but the selling of Brazilian continues, and Argentine and Mexican are more or less dull. The last mentioned has derived no support from the telegraphic statement that the Senate has ratified the arrangement with the bondholders.

No good news comes from the other side in regard to the "cutting of rates" among Transatlantic railways, and there is in consequence no improvement in the market for American railway securities. At the same time selling is not now proceeding on any particular scale, most holders, it may be presumed simply standing still. But another bad monthly statement has re-awakened interest in Grand Trunk stocks, and the first and second preferences have especially become weak. Canadian Pacific shares have also lost ground, though now they are steadier, that company's traffic experience being exceptionally good.

Notice is given that the Turkish Government Bonds may now be sent in for conversion into the "converted debt," and that the new bonds will be ready for delivery on and after the 20th inst. Bonds stamped for conversion should therefore be sent in at once. Conversion of registered bonds is optional; but bonds which have neither been registered nor stamped must be sent in under one head on or before Feb. 13 next. This is necessary, to prevent the forfeiture of back dividends; and after that date, registration will only be possible on fresh conditions to be presently decided upon. The Council of Foreign Bondholders take charge of the conversion of the 1858, 1860, 1862, 1863-4, 1865, 1869, and 1872 loans, while the Imperial Ottoman Bank take charge of the general debt and the 1873 loan.

Upon a report that the next dividend on the Mexican Railway First Preference Stock will be paid in deferred warrants, a very sharp fall took place in all the company's stocks on Tuesday.

The National Bank of Australasia again pays 14 per cent per annum. The reserve has at the same time been increased to £330,000, the addition this half year being £10,000.

T. S.

The Lady Mayoress (Miss Fowler) held her final reception at the Mansion House on Tuesday.

The Manchester City Council have unanimously decided to invite the British Association to hold its 1886 meeting in that city, or, failing that, in the following year.

CANNES.—Hôtel Beau Site. Adjoining Lord Brougham's property. Beautiful and sheltered situation. Large gardens; lawns; tennis; baths; lifts; 203 chambers. Moderate charges.—*Georges Gougeon, Proprietor.*

PEGLI.—Grand Hôtel Pegli (formerly De la Méditerranée). Facing the sea. South aspect, surrounded by gardens and mountains. Climate unsurpassed. Sanitary arrangements; satisfactory charges. *BESIER-DEBEN, Prop.*

VERMOUTH.—Francesco Cinzano and Co. Vermouth, combination Asti Wine and Alpine herbs, with quinine. Refreshing, tonic, and digestive. Of Wine Merchants, and F. CINZANO and CO., Corso Re Umberto, 10, Turin.

GRAND HÔTEL DU LOUVRE. THE BEST AND MOST COMFORTABLE IN THE WORLD.

PARIS. 700 Richly Furnished Bed-rooms and Reception-rooms. PARIS. Bed-rooms from 4 francs. Noted Table d'Hôte, 6 francs (wine included). Breakfast—Coffee, Tea, and Chocolate, with rolls and butter, 1fr. 50c.

IMPORTANT NOTICE. Great advantages are offered to Families desiring to remain at the hotel for one week or more. Pension from 15 francs per day, including room, service, candles, déjeuner à la fourchette, and dinner. Splendid Reading-room and Picture Gallery. Baths, Douches, and Hairdressing Saloon. A lift to all the floors. The hotel is warmed throughout with hot air.

IKLEY WELLS HYDROPATHIC ESTABLISHMENT and HOTEL, renovated and refurnished, offers a delightful winter residence. A conservatory, covering 600 square yards, connected with the house, and commanding magnificent views of Wharfedale, has recently been added. Reduced winter terms. Address, Manager, Wells House, Ikley, via Leeds.

BANK OF NEW ZEALAND. (Incorporated by Act of General Assembly, July 29, 1861.) Bankers to the New Zealand Government. Capital subscribed and paid up, £1,000,000. Reserve Fund, £250,000.

BRANCHES AND AGENCIES. In Australia—Melbourne, Sydney, Newcastle, and Adelaide. In Fiji—Levuka, Suva. In New Zealand—Auckland, Blenheim, Christchurch, Dunedin, Invercargill, Napier, Nelson, New Plymouth, Pictou, Wanganui, and at 49 other towns and places throughout the Colony. This Bank grants Drafts on all its Branches and Agencies, and transacts every description of banking business connected with New Zealand, Australia, and Fiji on the most favourable terms.

The London Office RECEIVES FIXED DEPOSITS of £50 and upwards, rates and particulars of which can be ascertained on application. F. LARKWORTHY, Managing Director. No. 1, Queen Victoria-street, Mansion House, E.C.

64, CORNHILL.—PERILS ABOUND ON EVERY SIDE! THE RAILWAY PASSENGERS ASSURANCE COMPANY insures against Accidents of all kinds—on Land or Water, and has the Largest Invested Capital and Income, and Pays Yearly the Largest Amount of Compensation of any Accident Assurance Company. Apply, the Local Agents; or West-End Office, 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, Charing-cross; or at Head Office, W. J. VIAN, Sec.

WANTED, Respectable Young Women, as DOMESTIC SERVANTS, to proceed to NEW SOUTH WALES. Passages, including provisions, bedding, &c., will be granted by the Agent-General in first-class steamers to approved applicants, upon payment of £2 each. An experienced Surgeon and Matron accompany each ship. The Colonial Government provides free accommodation for the Single Women during ten days after their arrival in Sydney. The next steamer will be dispatched on or about Dec. 1. Further information may be obtained at the EMIGRATION DEPARTMENT, New South Wales Government Offices, 5, Westminster-chambers, Victoria-street, Westminster, S.W.

SUFFERERS from Asthma, Consumption, Brounitis, Coughs, Throat Affections, Sleepless Nights, and Instant relief from DR. LOCKER'S PULMONIC WAFERS. They are unfailing, and taste pleasantly.

WHAT IS YOUR CREST and WHAT IS YOUR MOTTO? Send name and county to CULLETON'S Heraldic Office, Plain Sketch, 3s. 6d.; colours, 7s. The arms of man and wife blended. Crest engraved on seal rings, books, and steel dies, 8s. 6d. Gold seal, with crest, 20s. Solid Gold Ring, 18-carat, Hall-marked, with crest, 42s. Manual of Heraldry, 40 Engravings, 3s. 6d.—*T. CULLETON, 25, Cranbourn-street (corner of St. Martin's-lane).*

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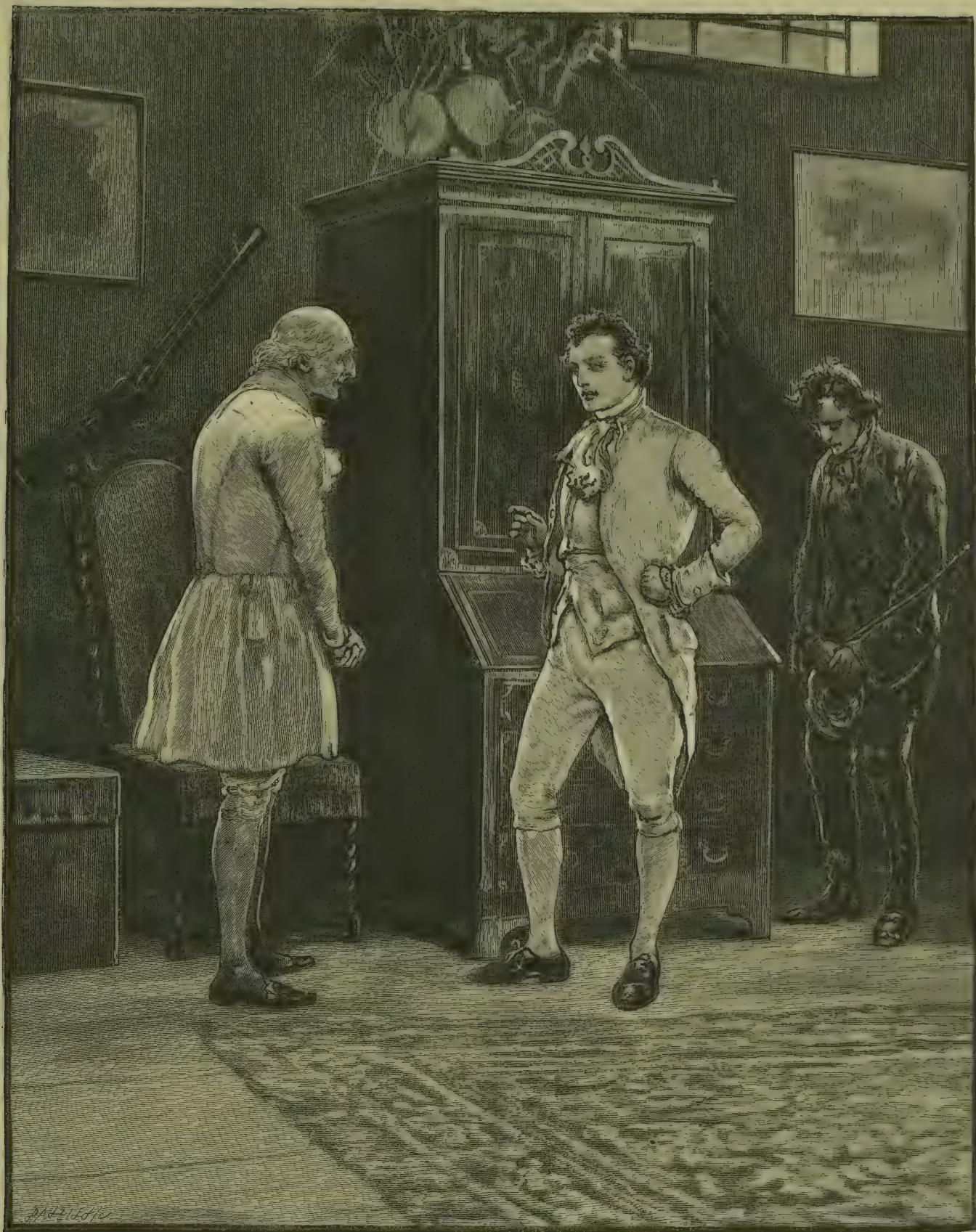
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EVENING DRESSES, DINNER DRESSES.</



DRAWN BY HAL LUDLOW.

I have come on business. My name is Francis Carew.

ROPES OF SAND.

BY R. E. FRANCILLON,

AUTHOR OF "STRANGE WATERS," "OLYMPIA," "A REAL QUEEN," &C.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

A MODERN ULYSSES.



TOKE JULIOT, in short, had gone through more changes in a few short months than had been remembered by the very oldest inhabitant in some fourscore previous years. Were it not for Oxhorn, Wrackstone, and the Vicar, the place would hardly have recognised its own image. The Dericks had been swept away—the father by death,

the daughter by some yet greater mystery. Cucumber Jack had disappeared from the woods, more completely than old Horneck from the sands. A Captain from London and a gamekeeper from Kent had come and had gone. A strange Vernon had succeeded a Carew at Hornacombe.

The Parson's news, one may be sure, took no long time to spread through the parish that the young Squire had avoided a British prison only to fall into a French one—out of the frying-pan into the fire. Now, Stoke Juliot, for certain local reasons, was not so ignorant of the personal appearance of a

Frenchman as were many otherwise better instructed parts of England at that day. It knew, at any rate, that a Frenchman was neither an ogre nor a baboon. That he must needs be either barber or dancing-master never entered its mind: for I doubt if it knew of the existence of such professions, and the Frenchman whom Stoke Juliot knew was a Breton sailor of an exceptionally enterprising kind. Nor, for similar reasons, was the patriotism of the place particularly strong. Both Breton sailor and Stoke Juliot fishermen had one natural enemy, the Custom-House: one common friend and goddess, the moon. Nevertheless, while a prison of any sort sounded bad enough, a French prison sounded more repulsive still. Francis Carew's fellow-parishioners pictured to themselves the young man buried in a dungeon and loaded with chains, starved, and deprived of light and air, without so much as a draught of cider to comfort him, not to speak of ale.

It is always pleasant to think of a neighbour in such a plight: it gives a self-congratulating flavour to our own cider and ale. So the myth grew and multiplied, till it bade fair to take its place beside the legend of old Horneck, the vanishing of that young witch, Nancé Derrick, before the Parson's learning, the wonderful exploits of Cucumber Jack, and all the many matters that were rendering Stoke Juliot a very wonderland in its own eyes. But if those eyes could only have seen in what sort of a prison Francis Carew was really confined, those dull brown eyes would have opened indeed.

They would have seen a cloudless expanse of sky bluer than the eyes of Miss Openshaw. As fair and fertile a prospect as the world contains would spread out beneath the blue—a vast region of undulating meadow, laid out by Nature's own hand in her most generous humour, broken by lakes and streams, and bordered by giant mountains, forest clothed. Parson Pengold had once quoted the tradition that Stoke Juliot was the last place God made and the first the devil would take. The very contrary must here—to all seeming—have been true. Instead of the dry patches of inclosed moor

which the Parson's enemies, the farmers, called fields and filled with the very literal sweat of their brows, Nature herself had turned farmer, as if in defiance of the curse of Eden: instead of such grim and twisted black rocks as Oxhorn and its fellows, or such dead wastes as Hornacombe sands and dunes, were swelling hills resembling the multitudinous breasts of the ancient earth-goddess, and shining peaks that seemed formed to be pillars of the skies.

If this was a prison, then indeed the litany for all prisoners and captives would be fairly thrown away upon Francis Carew of Hornacombe.

For he was riding, at a leisurely pace, by a bridle track across this same green Savannah and under that bluest of skies. Perhaps it was he who drew that comparison between the heaven of Hispaniola and the eyes of a girl four thousand miles away. If he did not, he assuredly failed in the duty of a true knight and lover: as, thus far at least, he had assuredly not done.

His plan of travel had been laid out with all the courage of ignorance. It was simply to visit every island in the West Indies, every habitation in every island, and, if further need were, to deal with a whole continent in the same way. It might take long—for that he was prepared. It must cost much—for that he was provided. But if it took half his life and all his estate, the ropes of sand must be woven: the task must be achieved. None of the real difficulties came into sight during the voyage of the *Maiden*. On the contrary, he had been on fair terms with Captain Trestrail and on excellent terms with the crew until the schooner sailed as innocently into the port of San Sebastian as if she had the best conscience in the world. His only real trouble had been his companion. The farther the *Maiden* carried Cucumber Jack from Stoke Juliot woods, the more thickly and persistently gathered the clouds over the fellow's brain. It became simply impossible to realise that the helpless lubber of the *Maiden* was that same

(Continued on page 459.)

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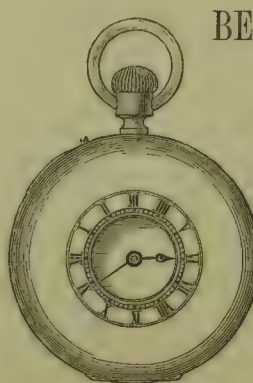
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Cucumber Jack who had been nicknamed for his coolness, and whose wealth of resource and lightness of heart Francis had seen of old with his own eyes. It was of course but natural that a landsman should fall ill before Hartland Point came in sight, and remain in abject misery long after it was left behind. But no such common weakness could account for a shameless dread of the sea itself that would have disgraced a woman or a child. Even after he recovered, he spent his hours crouched up in the most obscure corner he could find below, where he could escape the sight of the expanse of waters that appeared to overwhelm his whole being. He shuddered and trembled at the creaking timbers: at the approach of any man save Francis: but most of all at the sight of Trestrail, the skipper, whose very neighbourhood, or the sound of whose voice, would make him visibly quiver and turn pale. That such a lubber as this was treated with any sort of mercy by such a crew as the *Maiden's* could only be due to some superstitious sense of mystery.

It was when Francis Carew, ignorant of every language but his own English, found himself in a foreign country, and all alone save for a helpless incubus that he could not retain without grievous embarrassment or throw over without brutality—it was then that his troubles began indeed, and that he became aware of the whole nature of the task he had undertaken for Mabel. He could no more kick off this comrade of his than he could a dog—and yet such an incumbrance could hardly fail to double the difficulties of his task and make it at least twice as long. The nameless vagabond showed no sign, even when his foot touched firm land again, and when Captain Trestrail was no longer in the way, of coming out of his cloud. To Francis some portion of the man seemed to have fallen asleep altogether, leaving awake only such faculties as were needful to keep him alive. Had Francis's list of words contained any of five syllables, "sommambulism" would have been a godsend, by way of enabling him at any rate to give a name to the fellow's condition, while leaving it just as past understanding as before. Yet he had at least one virtue: though even that seemed to be but part and parcel of his cloud. He, the once free outlaw of the woods, would come to Francis's least word, look, or sign, like a dog to a whistle, and obey orders as if he were a faithful hound in the likeness of a man. Or (had Francis ever heard of such things) it was as if he were in a mesmeric trance, and so enslaved. His performance with the key at Barnstaple had been his last flash of active thought: his attempt to escape from Captain Trestrail, the sea, and the *Maiden's* last effort to assert an independent will. His master made every effort to stir him out of this lethargy; but all in vain. When not executing orders like a machine, he crouched away into any convenient corner, or otherwise sought to efface himself, watching his master's eyes, but with no human light in his own. Even so does a dog watch and a dog follow: and so would a dog obey if a dog had hands.

Throughout the long journey that had brought him from Stoke Juliot to Cuba, from Cuba to Jamaica, from Jamaica to Hispaniola, Francis had seven times a week been tempted to rid himself of his incumbrance: and, at first, might have done so had opportunity offered. But, as time went on, want of opportunity became joined with want of will. Francis had from his childhood lived for himself alone, for to live for Mabel meant the same thing. But so are we made that the most selfish of us cannot begin to help the helpless without going on, and on, and on. Francis ceased not to complain, to grumble, and to swear: but he no more practically thought of pitching his burden overboard than of deserting his toil for Mabel—the one impossible thing in the whole world. If only this helpless, useless, hopeless vagabond would run away: or, better still, if Cucumber Jack would only fall into the hands of Yellow Jack and die! But there was no such luck. It was only too clear that a dog would be more likely to run away from his master than Cucumber Jack from Francis Carew—and as for dying, the brute had not been unwell for a single minute ashore.

So these unconfrade-like comrades rode across the Savannah, as they had rode many a day before elsewhere; Francis in front and observant—the other passively following, with slack bridle and slouching feet, and with dull, filmy eyes that never once wandered to the landscape from the back of Francis Carew. There is no need to say of what Francis was thinking: there was but one thought in the world for him. Still less need is there to guess what occupied his dog's mind: for there could be nothing but mental vacancy behind such eyes as those. The track presently led them to the marshy border of the lake: but as the meadow became more marshy, the path broadened and bettered till marsh and meadow together broke into a stretch of cotton field.

There was no longer anything unfamiliar to the Squire of Hornacombe in the sight of West Indian farming. It did strike him, therefore, as peculiar that the half-naked negroes, who should at that hour and season have been busy with their hoes, were taking matters as easily as if they were a party of Stoke Juliot fishermen when there was neither storm nor moon. Some were lying on their backs, or in other attitudes of more or less picturesque laziness: others were in chattering and gesticulating groups: all were as idle as the sun was high. Nor was it only because the cat was away that the mice were playing. A big mulatto, with a long bamboo that sufficiently denoted his office, was engaged, so far from putting the stick to its proper use, in balancing it upon the tip of his forefinger and trying to transfer it thence to the tip of a nose eminently adapted, by reason of its breadth and flatness, to feats of juggling.

Francis was a man of his time—"I should like to have five minutes with that bamboo," thought he. "A queer kind of a plantation this must be." He rode up to the mulatto, just as the latter was getting the cane well upon his nose.

"Les Bouquets!" asked he. Balked in the moment of success, the overseer caught the cane as it was falling, strode to the nearest group of chatters, and sent them flying to their hoes, tumbling over one another pell-mell and head over heels, but laughing all the while as if the mulatto's oaths and slashes were the best fun in the world. Arrived at their posts, they set to work furiously for a second or two: then faced round and grinned while the bamboo came down upon the broad back of a negro asleep upon his face, and make him yell, and turn round to take out the rest of his sleep eyes upwards.

The overseer, having vindicated discipline in the eyes of the stranger, strode back with a pomposity of carriage beyond describing. He made no salutation with his ragged broad-brimmed hat, but pointed to the general direction with his bamboo as if it had been a field marshal's bâton: and—

"Les Bouquets!" said he. "Le Sieur Castellan?" asked Francis—whose French had to be economised carefully: like his purse, which was dwindling, despite his travels having been in those hospitable lands where every man's house was an inn, with the difference that there was nothing to pay.

"Le Citoyen Castellan!" proclaimed the mulatto, throwing back his head and folding his arms.

Though French was still new to him, Francis had picked up enough Spanish to ask for a guide to the house, and was

supplied with seven: one official, and six volunteers to help him. Les Bouquets, the house which gave its name to the plantation, proved to be a veritable mansion, nowhere higher than one story, and therefore covering a large extent of ground. It looked a mass of terraces and verandahs, with here and there a pointed turret or a gable, suggesting memories of a French château. But no French château, not the noblest, enjoyed such a prospect as Les Bouquets. The builder, whoever he was, must have aimed at the creation of a domestic paradise, so far as that could be secured by a landscape embracing mountain, lake, stream, and plain, all in tropical glory. Not another human dwelling was in sight: the owner of Les Bouquets might imagine himself a King of Eden. Nor was there anything like park or garden to take away from the impression that the domain extended as far as the eye could see, and farther still. The entire landscape was the garden of Les Bouquets.

On drawing close to the mansion, however, elements came into sight and hearing less attractive to British eyes. A swarm of naked children of all ages, black, yellow, and brown, vindicated their right to share in the ownership of Les Bouquets by rolling, scrambling, and tumbling over the verandahs, and in and out of the doors and even of the windows, chattering and screaming in their negro French as if the millennium of parrots had come. Then, moreover, field cultivation, and this of a slovenly kind, had been brought too near to the doors—"Les Bouquets" proved something of a misnomer, after all: and there was altogether too much litter, human and otherwise, to be passed before reaching the great open door which might have belonged to a palace, it was so high and so wide. Wealth seemed to have overflowed—that was the impression the whole place gave. Francis and his shadow were at once surrounded by a little mob, that had to be charged by his coal black guide with kicks and cuffs before he could reach the door. If want of shyness be a token of innocence, Les Bouquets must have been a very Eden of Innocence indeed.

Before he could speak, his horses were led off by at least a dozen grooms apiece: and before he could get himself announced, he and his companion found themselves in an apartment which was apparently half open verandah, half boudoir. And before he could more than glance at the noble view which it gave, his riding-boots were in one pair of brown hands, his hat in another, his whip in a third, and a strange cold drink was running down his throat with a flavour to which Nectar's must have been but that of the smallest ale. The hospitality was swift and sudden: but it was plainly the first law of that land.

By the time his draught was over, hands, boots, hat, and whip had vanished—though not silently—and he found himself in the presence of a tall, grave, grey-haired gentleman, with bright, keen, quick eyes, strong un-English features, and a bearing of courteous dignity, dressed entirely for coolness and ease, but without omitting as much elegance as perfect ease will allow.

"Monsieur Castellan?" asked Francis.

"Hélas!" said the other. "Monsieur Castellan—But Monsieur is English?" he asked, suddenly, in a foreign accent, but still in Francis Carew's own native tongue. "If it is any inconvenience to Monsieur to speak French—never mind: all right: I speak English like a *natif*—what you call like an oyster—I."

"How the deuce can he see I can't speak French," thought Francis, "when I haven't even tried?" But the relief at not having to try was too great to make him feel touchy on that score. "I am come on business—my name is Francis Carew. I am making search for the parentage of a young lady, Miss Mabel Openshaw. By great good fortune, I found at Matanzas, in the Island of Cuba, an old priest, who had known an English lady so named, of his religion, living apart from her husband and with a little girl: but he was very old, and could tell me nothing worth knowing but that she had been his penitent, and had a friend—a lady from Hispaniola, named Madame Castellan, who knew all that was to be known—and so."

The Frenchman's ears belonged to Francis: but his eyes were sending wandering flashes to where Francis's companion stood with his chin upon his breast, and gazed fixedly at nothing.

"Alas, Monsieur!" said he, "Madame Castellan, of Les Bouquets, is dead—dead these fourteen years ago. And Monsieur Castellan beside!"

CHAPTER XXXV.

A NEW PATIENT.

Can any lover imagine a much more cruel blow?

Fallen upon the right track by extraordinary good luck, how could one so full of confident hope as Francis imagine that the young woman (as he knew Madame Castellan to have been) should be dead and buried, while the old priest, who knew nothing else to the purpose, was still alive? And now the one clue was broken in two.

"It distresses me the heart," said the Frenchman, courteously. "I have not known Madame Castellan, though I am her son-in-law: so I have never heard speak of the English lady, and Madame Carrel, my wife, is too young for to remember when she was in Cuba, where she was born. Is it of great import—this affair?"

"Only the most important thing in the world," said Francis, with a heavy sigh.

"Ah, Monsieur! But then so many things are the most important of the world. This is question of some great heritage?"

"I don't know," said Francis, disconsolately. "But it's natural that a girl should wish to know who she is."

"And that a young gentleman should sail half round the world in time of war to learn. That is true. It distresses me the heart, Monsieur, once more—if you are lover twice: if you are Englishman, three times. Though I am French, the English are of my best friends. I am a man of science: not a man of war: and Science, she knows not France and England: she knows but nature and man. So long as man is mad, it is nothing to me where he is born. You are *gentilhomme Anglais*—it is enough for Jacques Carrel. Pardon me, while I inform Madame she has guests: she will be charmed."

Francis had become accustomed to the prodigal hospitality of the plantations, where every man's door stood open freely to all the world, and where the arrival of a stranger, whoever he might be, was a gift from the outer world not to be let slip by. It would have surprised him, by this time, if he had received less welcome from an unknown host than if he had been an honoured friend: and he certainly had no reason to rate the hospitality of Les Bouquets lower than his best experiences in that way. His host, as did not always happen, was a polished, if somewhat peculiar gentleman: his hostess proved a charming lady, who could speak English enough to show that she was superlatively amiable in all languages—which is more than many people contrive to show themselves in one. If only he could have found something better amid the luxury of Les Bouquets than a grave!

In one respect Dr. Carrel of Les Bouquets pushed courtesy to an altogether remarkable extreme. He made no inquiry

whatever as to Francis's companion, or even fished for an introduction—he left everything to his guest as though a guest's very silence were a law not to be broken. Nor, on similar occasions, had Cucumber Jack proved so troublesome to deal with as might be supposed. He had a marvellous talent, or rather instinct, for effacing himself—he would always find out some corner somewhere where he could become practically invisible, though always reappearing (worse luck) when it was time for boot and saddle. He passed vaguely for Francis's servant, and his silence, in the French and Spanish colonies at least, passed for the result of knowing no language but his own. Besides, a Briton was privileged to be eccentric all over the world. Nevertheless, Monsieur Carew's valet had never excited so little curiosity as at Les Bouquets. After the first few glances of the host's quick eyes, he was allowed to vanish as he pleased. In short, it seemed as if Francis might have brought a goblin for an attendant without its being thought anything out of the way.

However, it proved to be from anything but reticence that Doctor Carrel refrained from asking questions. No doubt life in an island Paradise, alone with the woman one loves, ought to satisfy the most exacting: still, Jacques Carrel was both a Frenchman and a physician, and in both capacities was not displeased by a little social distraction, once in a way. Madame had all he had to say by heart: so that even an unlearned provincial Englishman was at any rate a new whetstone for mind and tongue. "Yes—the English interest me profoundly," said he, as host, hostess, and guest sat smoking (all three of them) in the verandah, after an evening meal cooked and served with an Apician perfection such as Francis had never before met with in all his travels. "They are perhaps not more mad than the other nations: but it is always in a fashion of their own. Nationality in Lunacy is my grand *étude*, Monsieur. I have collected the material in Nantes, in Paris, in London, in the Hague, in New Orleans, among Europe, Africa, America, and among Asia, if one counts the Jews: and I write my *opus magnum*, my *chef d'œuvre*, here, where none shall disturb!"

"And she is very pretty, very charming, this young lady?" interrupted Madame, interpreting her most un-English English by her big black eyes. "Ah, but yes—the young heroes do not go round of the world for the uglies: no."

"The mad Englishman is the madman *par excellence*," resumed the Doctor. "It is because he has so small *esprit*. Nobody with *esprit* ever goes mad much, because he is always mad a little: he is some mad every day, so he never gets into arrears. I, for example, am a little mad every day. But the man without *esprit*, your John Bull *véritable*, he must be mad in the lump!"

"And she has hairs of gold, and eyes of blue, and cheeks of rose," said the lady. "I know. If I were young hero, ah! that I would adore *les blondes*!" exclaimed the brunette, with ecstasy.

"And if she is woman, she must be mad in the lump too. It is in an Englishwoman I have found my prize. Figure yourself, Monsieur, figure yourself an *Anglaise*, a *paysanne*, who, with no more *esprit* than a cow, or of reading, or of what you will, thinks herself *sorcière*—witch, what you say: the middle age come back to life out of his grave. It is my great case: my great case of madness, and my great case of cure. She is no more *sorcière*, in fine, no more mad: just a good and honest girl. And why was she mad once? Because she had no *esprit*. And why is she mad no more? Because I gave her *esprit*—because I make her to keep the company of Madame, who has all the *esprit* of all the world. *Oui, mon enfant: c'est vrai*."

Madame laughed. "Poor Nanette!" said she. "You must know, Monsieur, it is the Doctor's own mad, which he takes day by day, to think his own wife oh so beautiful and so wise!"

"The middle age would have burnt her: the priests, they would make her worse: your vulgar physician, he would shut her up till she would never be cured. They would say, the brain has disease. Bah! It is not the brain: it is because the brain is not full of the right things: so the wrong things have to come in. I do not burn: I do not preach, nor juggle: I do not confine. I put in the right things, so the wrong things have to go. I make her read all the fanciful things: I talk to her: I make her wait on Madame: I teach her French, English, history, fable, science, the *belles lettres*: I make her think: *enfant*, I make her dream. When a lunatic dreams, he is cured. For what is to be mad, but to dream? The sane, they dream at the right time, when they sleep: the insane, they sleep without dreams: and so they dream with their open minds. We must all be mad, Monsieur. What is to be sane? To be mad at the right time. What is to be mad? To be sane at the wrong."

Hitherto the talk had been of a nature to make Francis's own brain swim. He would have much preferred a *tête-à-tête* with Madame, who seemed so ready to discuss what was next his heart, and from whose lips he somehow felt sure of sympathy, if not of helpful counsel. But something in the Doctor's last words passed beyond his outer ears; and he contrived to put in a word of his own before Madame.

"Then a man who seems to live in a dream—that is a madman?" asked he.

"Probably, Monsieur. But of course there are degrees."

"I mean a case—I mean where a man travels through all sorts of new scenes and places, and notices none: where his dulness and melancholy become miserable to see: where he seems to have neither ears nor eyes: where he is not like a man, but more like a dog, if you can make out what I mean—and yet this man, one who has been all that he is not now, and nothing that he is?"

"And yet a voyager, you say? Does all this grow, the more he goes away?"

"More and more every day. He is more dead than alive, except when on the sea."

"And then?"

"He is prostrate with mortal fear."

"Ah. Apathy—melancholy, increasing daily, though not congenital: morbid terror of the sea. Does he eat—drink—sleep? Does he grow pale and lean?"

"He drinks nothing: he eats as much as a fly. As for sleep—I don't know what he does at night, but he does nothing else by day—if sleeping it can be called."

"The poor man! It is that he is in love!" said Madame.

"No," said Francis. "It is not that, I can swear."

"Is he criminal?" asked the Doctor.

"No!" answered Francis, stoutly.

"He has lost his money, may be?"

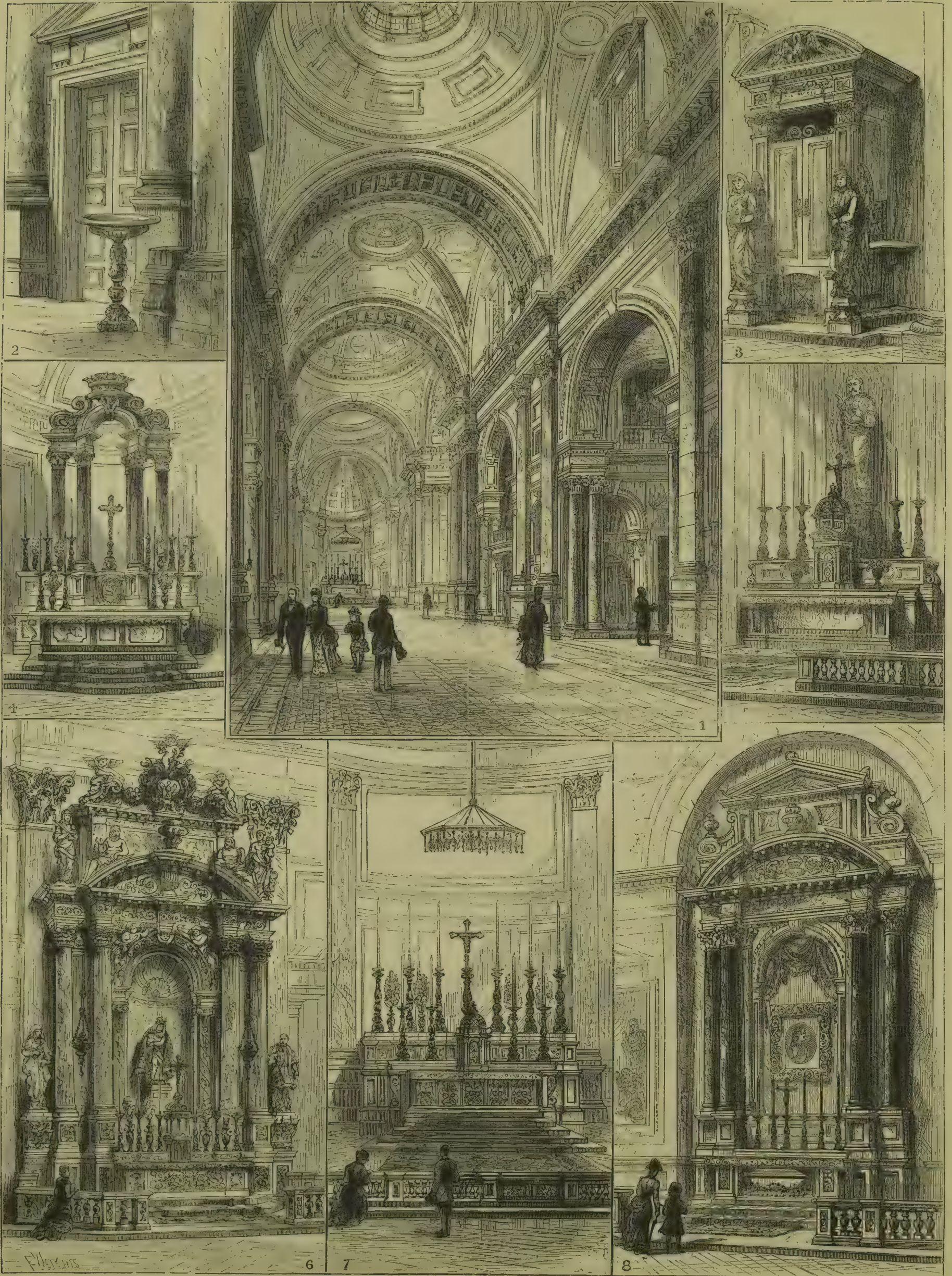
"He never had a penny to lose: indeed, he has not a single trouble—not a single care."

"Assuredly—if it is not woman, nor gold, nor the crime which never comes but from one of these two. Then in that case, Monsieur, I can put my finger upon the trouble of your friend—nay, I put him there while you were telling him your own. It is *Nostalgie*."

"Nost—?"

"What you call homesick: that is the *Nostalgie*."

"Homesick?" asked Francis. "Why, I thought that was a fancy of babies—as if a grown man would whine and go off his



1. General View of Interior.
5. Altar of St. Joseph.

2. Holy Water Font.
6. Altar of Our Lady.

3. One of the Confessionals.
7. High Altar in Sanctuary.

4. Altar in St. Wilfrid's Chapel.
8. Altar of St. Mary Magdalen.



"THE NEAREST WAY OUT IS THE FARTHEST WAY HOME."

feed because he was in one place instead of another. And besides—the man I speak of has no home.”

“No matter. It is the Homesick, all the same. And it is no fancy, Monsieur. Sometimes it kills. You get to breathe one sort of air till you can breathe no other: your blood poisons; you become *poitrinaire*, or your brain softens: and you die.”

“Good God!” exclaimed Francis, to whom all this was new. “Is there no cure?”

“It used to be common with the Swiss Guard, of the ancient *régime*. They would have it like an epidemic: so the *ranz des vaches* would make them cry. For a cure—no doubt there is a cure. I must take this case: I am glad you are come. We will have your valet here, and we will see. Antoinette—I am in the way of luck: a case of *Nostalgie* that has gone to the brain! We will light the lamp, and proceed to diagnosis upon the field!”

Madame tinkled a little bell that stood on a small table near her hand.

“We will have light, Nanette,” said she, in French, as soon as the slight rustle of a dress was heard in the shadow of the verandah. “And find the valet of the English gentleman, and bid him come.”

“He’s easier to look for than to find,” said Francis, catching enough of her meaning—Madame’s voice was singularly easy to understand.

Nanette had not been a moment fetching the lamp. But no sooner had its light appeared than it fell out of her hands with a crash: and all was dark again. Nance Derrick had known the voice of Francis Carew.

(To be continued.)

“NEAREST WAY OUT, FARTHEST WAY HOME.”

The truth of this old country proverb, at least under the perplexing conditions of an attempted short cut across a flooded plain, is disagreeably illustrated by experience of a solitary horseman who figures in our Artist’s drawing. He is a gentleman of the last century, when much ordinary journeying was done on horseback, and in returning from a distant visit he has presumed too hastily upon his acquaintance with the district, knowing that there was a bridle-path through the marsh-meadows and round the willow-copse, by which he could save two miles of the tedious high road. But he did not reckon with the probable state of the ground after many days of heavy rain in November, and he now seems to have lost the path, which lies somewhere beneath twelve inches of water, and to be anxiously picking the steps among tufts of sedge, quaking bits of turf, and strips of moist grass intermixed with reeds and rushes, where the uneasy tread of his frightened steed, bespattering the rider with mud as he plunges slowly forward, may presently lead to a slip and roll him over into the water-holes of the surrounding morass. These distressing circumstances must cause our lonely traveller some repentant thoughts and wishes that he had kept to the beaten road, by which he would have trotted safely along to the speedier termination of his journey. A “short cut” is seldom found expeditious when the chances of unfavourable accident, of bad weather and bad footing, are not prudently taken into account. We only hope that he will get out of this mess without a thorough wetting, and with no injury to himself or to the horse he rides.

ART NOTES.

The Industrial and Archæological Exhibition at Wolverhampton was formally closed yesterday week by Lord Wrottesley, Lord Lieutenant of Staffordshire. The exhibition, which was opened on May 30, has been visited by about 360,000 persons, and the total receipts amount to £12,000.

On the results of the entrance examination of the Finsbury Technical College, F. W. Le Tall, C. W. Greenhill, E. Smith, W. F. St. Stephens, and F. H. Newman, have been elected by the trustees of the Mitchell City of London Charity to scholarships of £30 a year, tenable at the college for two years.

Yesterday week the annual exhibition of the students’ prize drawings in connection with the Female School of Art was opened at 43, Queen’s-square, and remained on view last Saturday. They form a fine collection, which, both in subjects and the mode of execution, speaks well for the success of the school. The honour-list is very extensive, several of the students having carried off more than one prize. Among them were the following scholarships:—Given by her Majesty the Queen, value £60, Lydia B. King; the Gilchrist Scholarship, £50 for two years, first year Alice Jacob, second, Lucy E. Varley; Atkinson’s, £25, Marion R. Henn; Clothworkers’, £20, Edith Calvert; Brightwen’s, £10, Emma Newcombe; Baroness Burdett-Coutts’, £40, Lillian Cameron; Baroness Burdett-Coutts’, £20, Gertrude Butler. The Queen’s Gold Medal for group of oranges, &c., in water colour, A. W. Hickson; National Silver Medal for set of water-colour drawings, Ada Ham; National Bronze Medal, for oil group, azaleas, Ethel C. Nisbet and Lillian Abraham; for pencil studies of hands from life, Edith Calvert. National Queen’s prizes:—C. Jackman, M. A. Matthews, C. M. Newman, Edith Calvert, Helen Conder, Marion R. Henn, Ethel C. Nisbet, Ethel Spiller, Annie Hickson.

The Lord Mayor yesterday week presented in the Egyptian Hall of the Mansion House the prizes gained by the successful competitors in the exhibition of hand-turning in wood, pottery, and precious stones, which has been held during the past few days in the old Court of the Queen’s Bench, Guildhall. The first prizes for wood and pottery were not awarded, because the exhibits did not come up to the standards. The first prize—a silver medal and freedom of the Company—for precious stones and engraving in intaglio and cameo, was gained by William E. Garritt. A silver medal placed by the Turners’ Company at the disposal of the British Horological Institute was given to Mr. J. Barnsdale for clockwork turning. The other prizes of medals and various sums of money having been distributed, the various judges, Colonel J. S. Sandeman, Sir C. H. Gregory, and Mr. J. Jones, made a few observations upon the technical merits of the exhibits. The Lord Mayor and Baroness Burdett-Coutts addressed the assembly, and they and the other supporters of the exhibition received votes of thanks for their assistance.

We are requested to state that the School of Art Wood-Carving at the Royal Albert Hall, Kensington, in connection with the City and Guilds of London Institute for the Advancement of Technical Education, has reopened for the Winter Session with improved accommodation for pupils. Full particulars of the classes and the lessons by correspondence, also as to work executed in the school, can be had from the manager. We may add that the school has been awarded a silver medal in the Educational Section of the International Health Exhibition, and the following students have also obtained honours:—Miss M. E. Reeks, silver medal; Miss H.

E. Wahab, bronze medal; Mr. D. Chisholm, bronze medal. The school also gained the highest award for wood-carving, a silver medal, at the Art Exhibition held at Eastbourne.

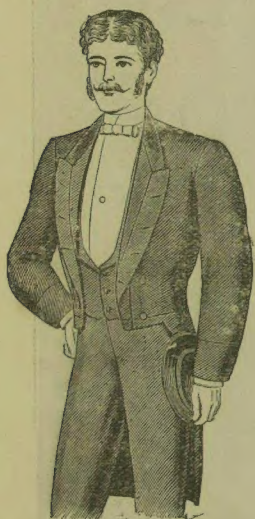
A marble bust of the Archbishop of York, by Mr. Onslow, the cost of which has been raised by subscriptions, was presented by Earl Fitzwilliam to Mrs. Thomson at the Palace, Bishopthorpe, last week. A bust of Cardinal Manning has been modelled by Mr. Angelo Beck, to whom his Eminence gave five sittings. A copy of the bust has been placed in the Italian church, Hatton-garden, and was unveiled on Monday evening by Mr. T. P. O’Connor, M.P. The Duke of Richmond and Gordon was waited upon at Gordon Castle, Banffshire, last week, by about 600 of his tenantry, and presented with a life-size portrait of himself, painted by Mr. George Reid, R.S.A., Aberdeen. The tenants were afterwards entertained at luncheon by the Duke. At a meeting of the Tredegar Hunt at Newport last week, Lord Tredegar, was presented with his portrait by the members and their friends. A life-size portrait in oils of Sir W. G. Armstrong, subscribed for by the public in recognition of his many acts of munificence and philanthropy to Newcastle-on-Tyne, and of his eminence as a citizen and inventor, was last week presented to the Mayor of Newcastle on behalf of the city. The artist was Mrs. S. E. Waller.

THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH OF THE ORATORY.

The new Church of the Oratory, at South Kensington, has been erected at a cost of about £80,000, from the designs of the architect, Mr. Herbert Gribble, to whom the first prize was awarded in the competition six years ago. The style is that known as the Italian Renaissance, and resembles very much the churches of St. Andrew of the Valley, St. Ignatius, and the Gesù at Rome. In size it cannot rival the dimensions of a cathedral, but it is amply sufficient for the requirements of the congregation, measuring in length some 270 ft., while its width reaches that of 130 ft. It contains nine spacious and lofty chapels and an altar-place, a large sanctuary, sacristies, and stores. The interior presents a nave 51 ft. wide and 73 ft. high. It is adorned with fine columns and pilasters, the latter of the Corinthian order and 40 ft. high, the marble being in solid masses, and many of the stones weighing three tons each. The cupola, which measures 53 ft. interior diameter, rises about 160 ft. from the level of the floor, with a small gallery running round on the inside cornice and a corresponding one outside. It is intended to construct the outer cupola according to the architect’s design, which will increase its diameter by 10 ft., and give an additional altitude of 25 ft., crowned with a light and delicate lantern, with a Portland stone arcade. The chapels, named respectively those of St. Joseph, St. Patrick, St. Mary Magdalen, the Calvary, the Chapel of Our Lady, that of the Dolours, that of the Sacred Heart, and that of St. Wilfrid, with the Sacristy, are richly and appropriately decorated. In the Chapel of Our Lady is an altar of inlaid marble from the Dominican Church of Brescia, in Lombardy, which is esteemed one of the most beautiful in the world; it is 20 ft. wide and 14 ft. high, adorned with the most elaborate sculptures of figures, flowers, birds, and other forms, in a great variety of coloured marble and stone. In the west transept a chapel, dedicated to the patron Saint of the order of St. Philip Neri, will contain another grand and beautiful altar, which is not yet finished, and the expense of which is defrayed by the Duke of Norfolk.

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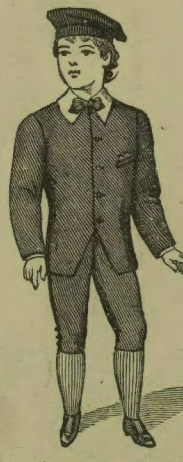
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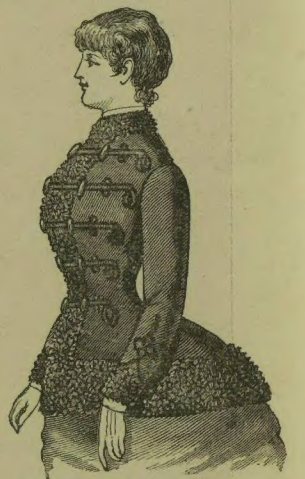
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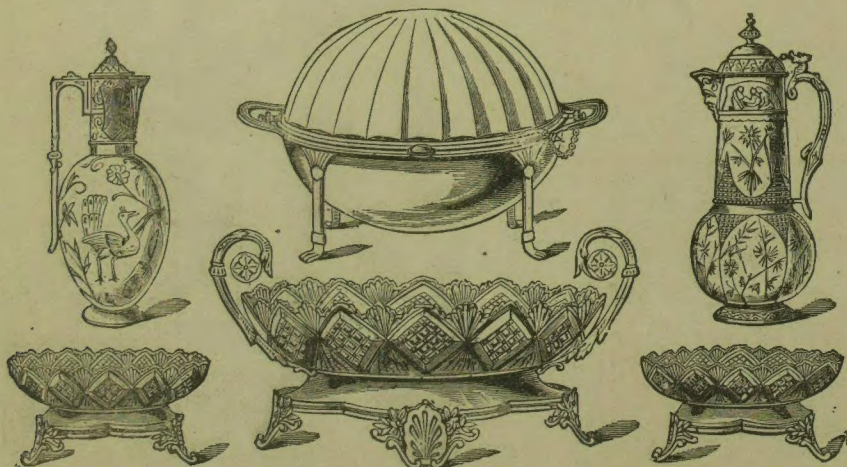
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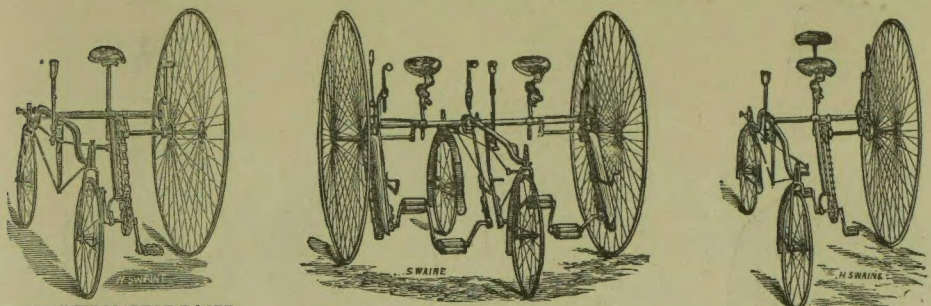
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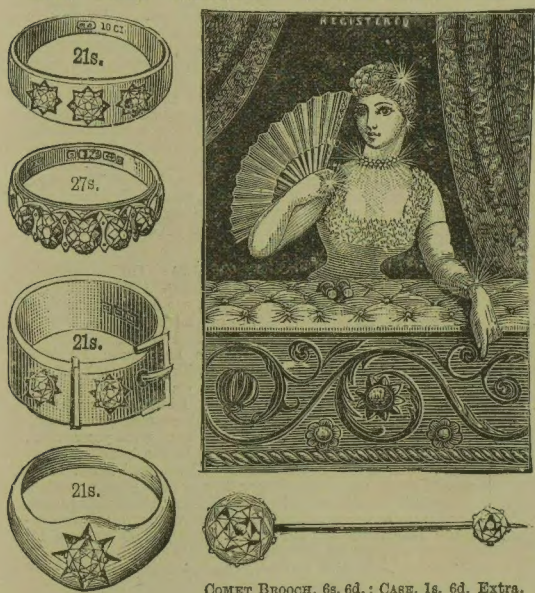
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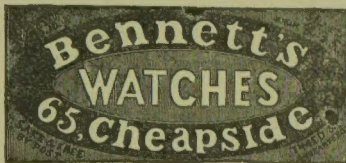
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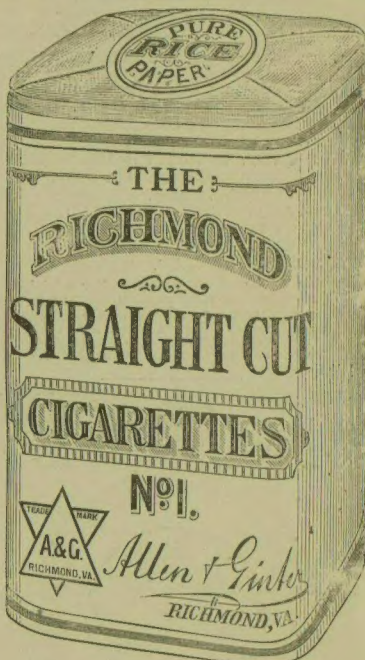
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SATURDAY, NOV. 8.



British Workman.—So the Show's coming off to-morrow, is it? We shall see it as well as you this time, Mr. Buttons.
Buttons.—Nothing of the sort. It's postponed till Monday.
B. W.—Lor! How's that?
Buttons.—His Lordship and his friends will be too busy to-morrow smoking ALLEN and GINTER'S RICHMOND STRAIGHT CUT No. 1 CIGARETTES. They're so good, I actually smoke 'em myself.



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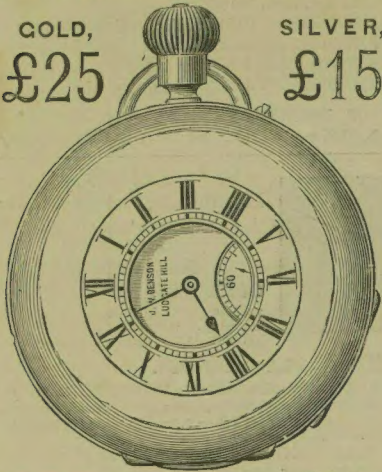


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Windows fitted with the Newest Designs can be seen at Perry and Co.'s, Holborn Viaduct, London.
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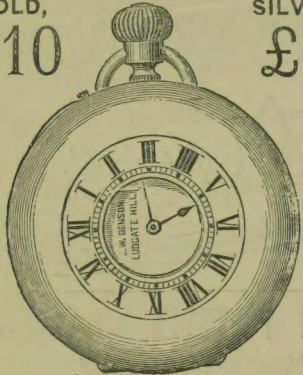


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CONSTRUCTED WITH PATENT BREQUET SPRING, FOR HUNTING, &c. JEWELLED AND ALL LATEST IMPROVEMENTS. GUARANTEED ENTIRELY OF BEST ENGLISH MAKE, TO KEEP PERFECT TIME UNDER THE MOST TRYING CIRCUMSTANCES, AND TO LAST A LIFETIME. IN HEAVY 18-CARAT CASES. HALF-HUNTER (AS SKETCH, EXACT SIZE), HUNTER, OR CRYSTAL GLASS. SENT FREE AND SAFE AT OUR RISK TO ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD FOR £25 DRAFT WITH ORDER. SILVER, SAME QUALITY, £15.

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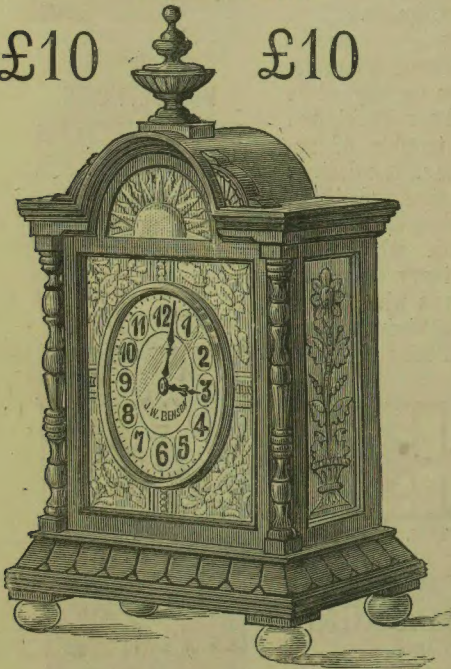


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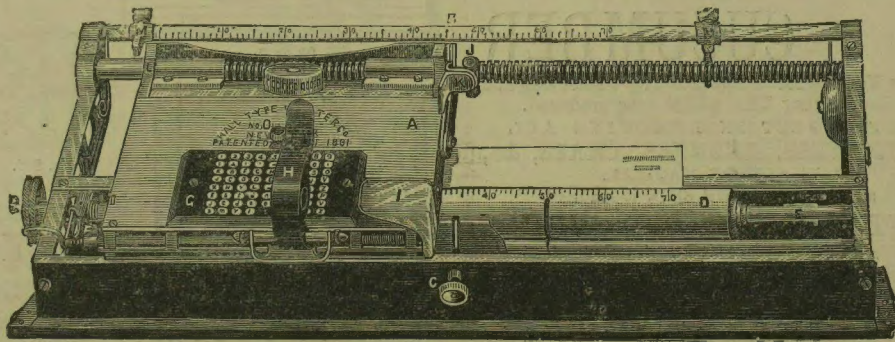
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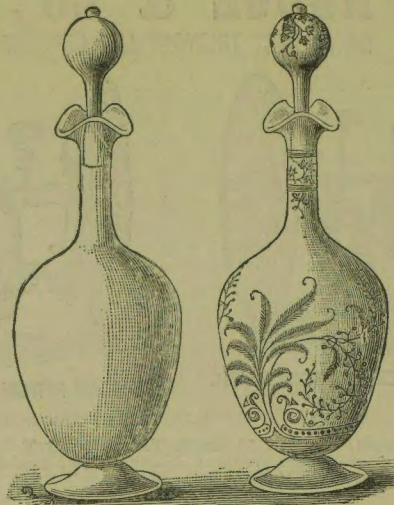


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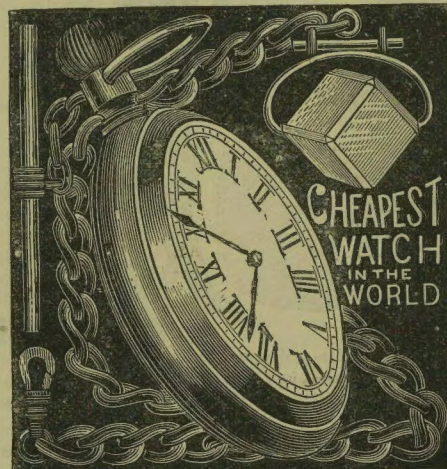
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